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COMICS

SEPTEMBER

10¢





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THE AMAZING-MAN



By *abeverett*



AMAN, KNOWN TO HIS ENEMIES BY MANY ALIASES, THE MOST TERRIFYING OF WHICH IS "THE GREEN MIST".....

25 YEARS AGO, IN THE DISMAL COUNTRY OF TIBET, THE COUNCIL OF SEVEN CHOSE AN ORPHAN OF SUPERB PHYSICAL STRUCTURE, AND EACH DID HIS PART TO DEVELOP IN THIS CHILD ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A MAN WHO WOULD DOMINATE THE WORLD OF MEN BY HIS STRENGTH, KNOWLEDGE, AND COURAGE

MATURE NOW, THE AMAZING MAN, AMAN, SITS CHAINED BEFORE THE COUNCIL, WAITING FOR HIS FINAL TESTS, BEFORE SETTING FORTH INTO THE OUTSIDE WORLD. SIX OF THE COUNCIL HAVE ENDOWED HIM WITH THE BENEFITS OF KINDNESS AND TOLERANCE AND BRAVERY, BUT A SEVENTH, "THE GREAT QUESTION," COVETS PLANS OF DIRE EVIL FOR THE PERFECT BOY....

IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, A SLEEP-RAY HOLDS THE LAD MOTIONLESS...

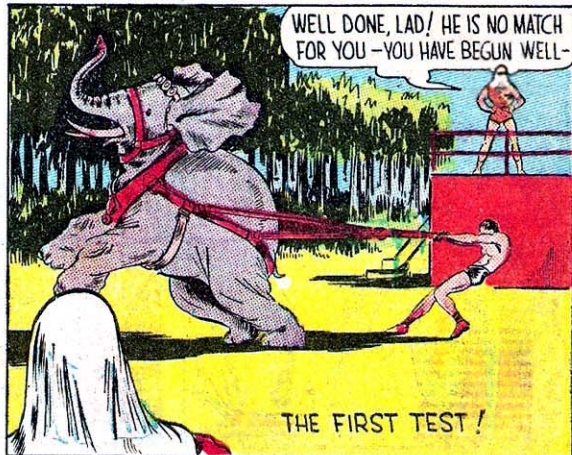


GENTLEMEN!

THE TIME HAS AT LAST ARRIVED WHEN WE MUST QUALIFY OUR EFFORTS OF THE PAST QUARTER OF A CENTURY... OUR CHILD PRODIGY SHALL NOW PROVE HIS STATION AS AN AMAZING SPECIMEN OF ULTRA-MANHOOD. PREPARE HIM FOR THE FIRST TEST!



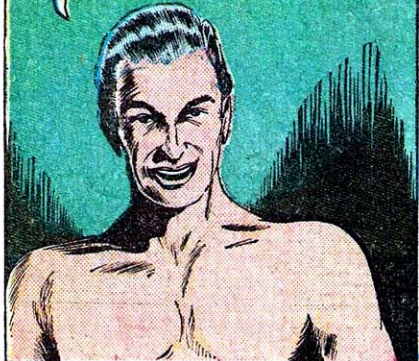
I, THE STRONGEST MAN IN TIBET, HAVE PREPARED THE FIRST EXAMINATION OF YOUR PHYSICAL STRENGTH—YOU ARE REQUIRED TO SUPPRESS THE STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHANT!



WELL DONE, LAD! HE IS NO MATCH FOR YOU—YOU HAVE BEGUN WELL!

THE FIRST TEST!

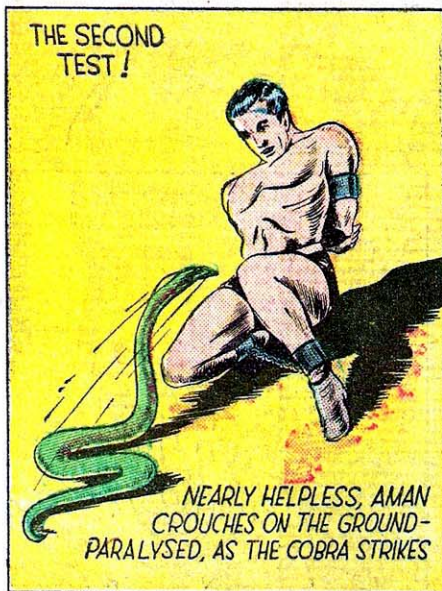
THANK YOU, SIRES—IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT. I AM READY FOR THE NEXT TEST—



THE NEXT, AMAN, IS NOT SO EASY. YOU ARE TO BE CHAINED, HAND AND FOOT, AND MUST FIGHT A DEATH STRUGGLE WITH THE DEADLIEST OF OUR ENEMIES—

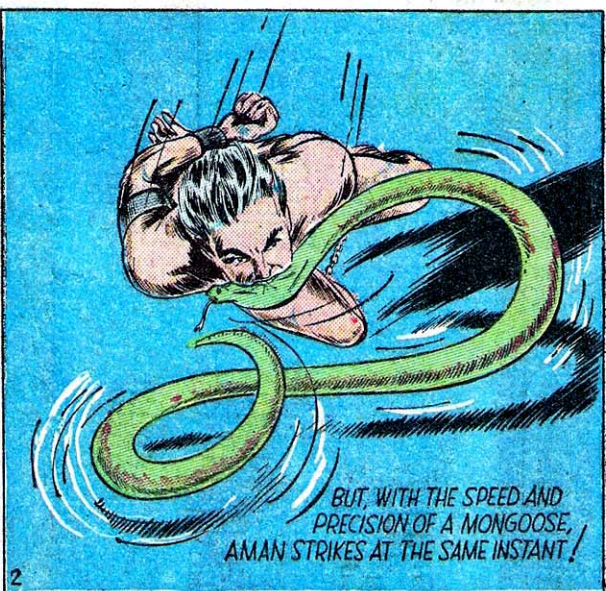


LET ME INTRODUCE YOUR COMBATANT—THE HONORABLE COBRA

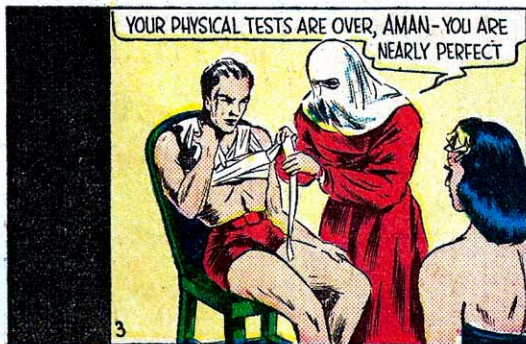
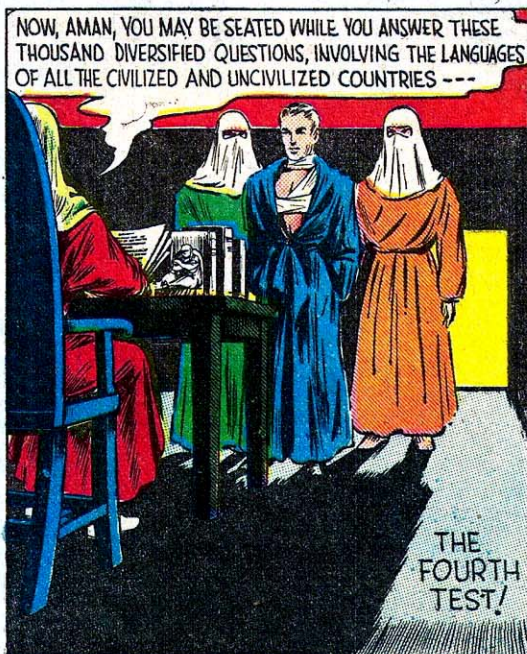
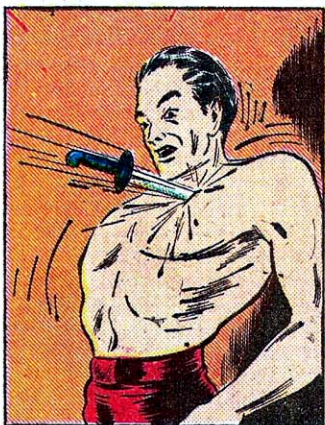
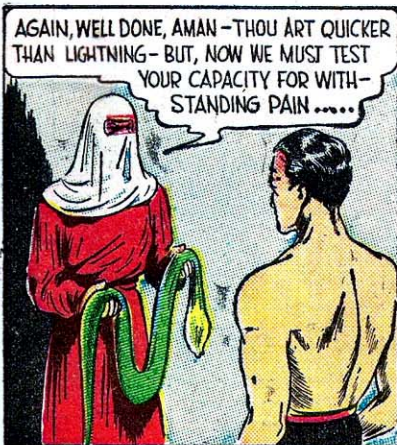


THE SECOND TEST!

NEARLY HELPLESS, AMAN CROUCHES ON THE GROUND—PARALYSED, AS THE COBRA STRIKES



BUT, WITH THE SPEED AND PRECISION OF A MONGOOSE, AMAN STRIKES AT THE SAME INSTANT!



IL N'Y A PAS BEAUCOUP DE CHOSSES QUE VOUS NE SAVEZ PAS, MON FILS, MAIS.....

FOR MANY HOURS THE INCESSANT QUESTIONING GOES ON, BUT AMAN NEVER FALTERS - AND FINALLY.....

YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED ALL OF YOUR EXAMINATIONS, YOUNG AMAN, AND ARE JUDGED BY THE COUNCIL TO BE READY FOR YOUR VENTURE INTO THE OUTER WORLD. GO NOW, AND PREPARE YOURSELF



FINALLY - THE VERDICT!

JUST A MOMENT - I WOULD HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, ALONE, AMAN

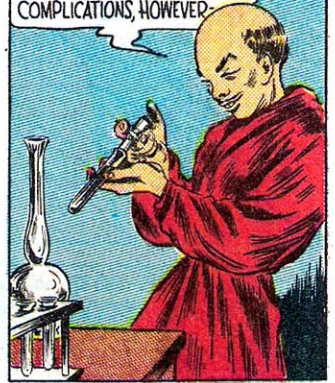


YES, NIKA, WHAT IS IT?

COME INTO THE LABORATORY, SON - I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU -



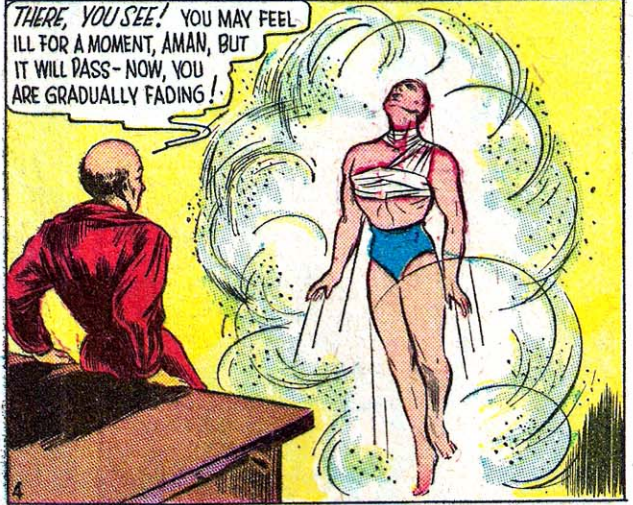
YOU MAY RECALL MY EXPERIMENT WITH A FORMULA TO CAUSE INVISIBILITY? WELL, I HAVE AT LAST PERFECTED IT TO A DEGREE - THERE ARE CERTAIN COMPLICATIONS, HOWEVER -



FOR INSTANCE - I SHALL INJECT THIS FLUID, HYPODERMICALLY, AND WHEN IT TAKES EFFECT YOU WILL, BY THE MERE PROCESS OF WILLING YOURSELF TO IT, BE ABLE TO MAKE YOURSELF DISAPPEAR. HOWEVER, IN YOUR ABSENCE THERE WILL COME A THICK MIST, GREEN IN COLOR -



THERE, YOU SEE! YOU MAY FEEL ILL FOR A MOMENT, AMAN, BUT IT WILL PASS - NOW, YOU ARE GRADUALLY FADING!



EXCELLENT, AMAN! MY FORMULA IS A SUCCESS - NOW, PLEASE, BRING YOURSELF BACK TO VISIBILITY - JUST IMAGINE YOURSELF IN SOLID FORM, AND YOU WILL BE!



GOOD, MY BOY - I WILL GIVE YOU A VIAL OF THIS FLUID, WHICH YOU MUST TAKE FAITHFULLY ONCE EVERY WEEK - NEVER FORGET - AND THERE IS ONE MORE THING...



YOU MUST ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE TO ME - TO ALWAYS DO GOOD, AND NEVER MALICIOUSLY HARM A BROTHER HUMAN WITHOUT JUST CAUSE - GO NOW, MY BOY - YOUR SHIP IS WAITING



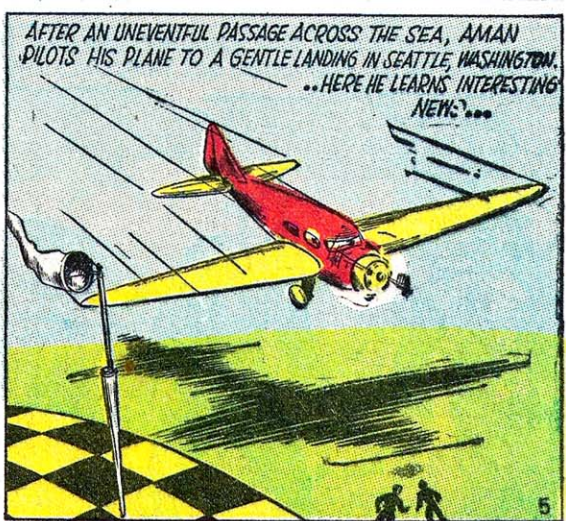
SO! NIKA HAS MADE HIM PROMISE TO "DO GOOD," AS HE SO QUAINLY PUTS IT! WELL - I SHALL CORRECT THAT. AMAN SHALL DO ALWAYS AS I COMMAND HIM - HE CANNOT ESCAPE MY TELEPATHIC INFLUENCE!!



LATER, UNCONSCIOUS OF "THE GREAT QUESTION'S" EVIL PLANS FOR HIS WELFARE, AMAN RECEIVES THE HIGH LAMA'S PARTING BLESSING AND BOARDS HIS PLANE.

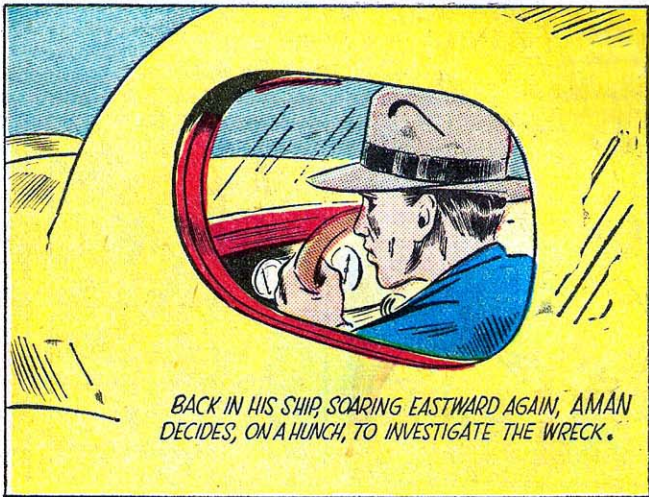


FOR MANY HOURS THE LITTLE SHIP HUMS EASTWARD OVER MANCHUKUO AND OUT OVER THE PACIFIC, STOPPING ONLY TO REFUEL



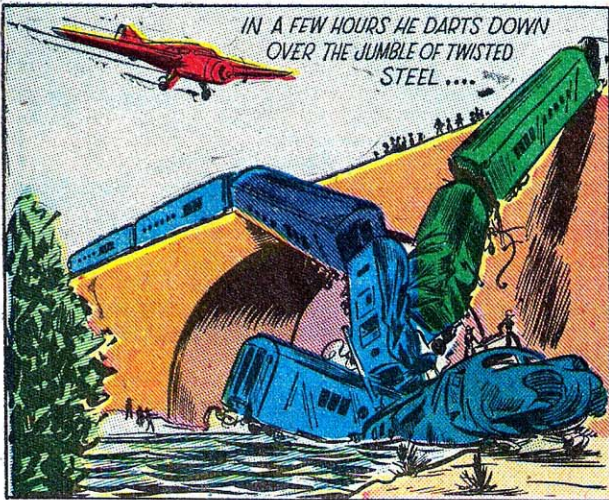
AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL PASSAGE ACROSS THE SEA, AMAN PILOTS HIS PLANE TO A GENTLE LANDING IN SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. ... HERE HE LEARNS INTERESTING NEWS ...

"JUST IN FROM CHINA, EH? GUESS YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT THE WRECK ON THE UNION-PORT WESTERN LINE, THEN? THE CRACK STREAMLINER JUST CRACKED UP NEAR SHERIDAN, WYOMING!"



BACK IN HIS SHIP, SOARING EASTWARD AGAIN, AMAN DECIDES, ON A HUNCH, TO INVESTIGATE THE WRECK.

IN A FEW HOURS HE DARTS DOWN OVER THE JUMBLE OF TWISTED STEEL

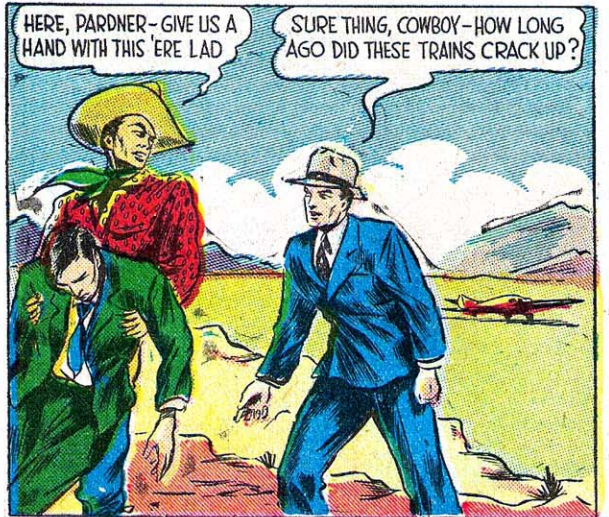


AND SETTLES THE LITTLE PLANE ON AN ADJACENT CLEARING

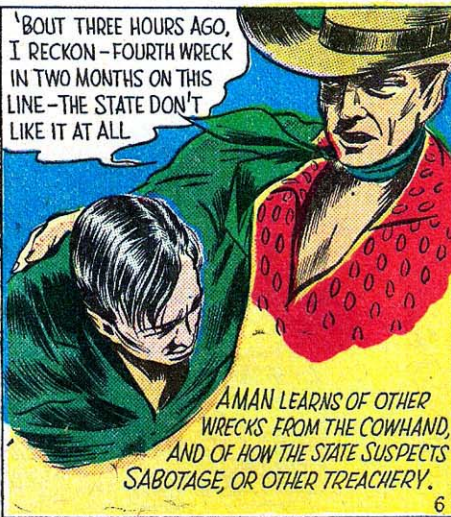


HERE, PARDNER - GIVE US A HAND WITH THIS 'ERE LAD

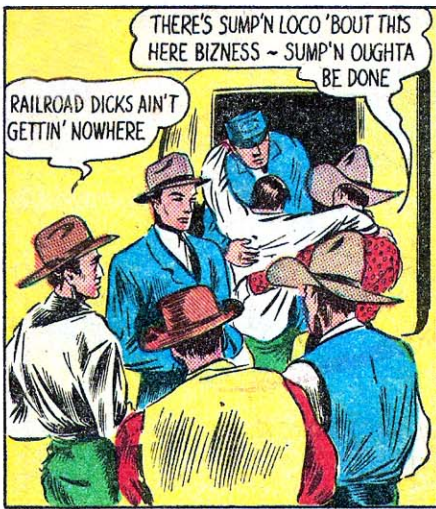
SURE THING, COWBOY - HOW LONG AGO DID THESE TRAINS CRACK UP?



'BOUT THREE HOURS AGO, I RECKON - FOURTH WRECK IN TWO MONTHS ON THIS LINE - THE STATE DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL



AMAN LEARNS OF OTHER WRECKS FROM THE COWHAND, AND OF HOW THE STATE SUSPECTS SABOTAGE, OR OTHER TREACHERY.



THERE'S SUMP'N LOCO 'BOUT THIS HERE BIZNESS - SUMP'N OUGHTA BE DONE

RAILROAD DICKS AIN'T GETTIN' NOWHERE



WELL, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THIS SWITCH WAS THROWN OVER INTENTIONALLY-- IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ACCIDENTAL -- BUT SAY-- WHAT'S THIS? ANY OF YOU BOYS DROP A PENCIL?

NOPE - AIN'T NONE OF US OWNS ONE LIKE THAT!



A SILVER LEAD-PENCIL WITH THE INITIAL "J" ON IT-- NOT MUCH TO GO ON, BUT IT MIGHT BE A CLUE

BETTER TURN IT OVER TO THE POLICE, MISTER-- THEY KNOW ALL 'BOUT THEM THINGS --

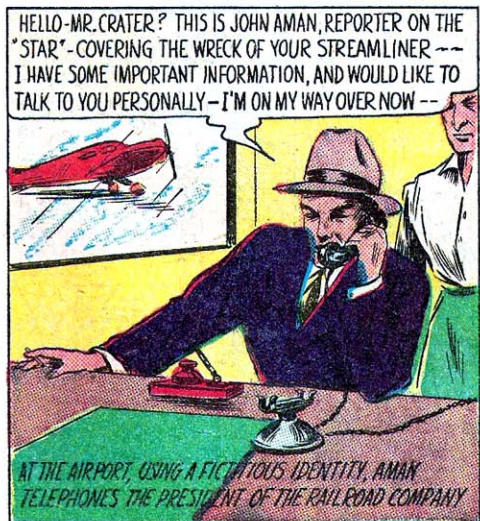


YES, MAYBE I WILL-- BUT I'VE GOT TO GET TO TOWN AND LODGE THIS SHIP

THERE'LL PROBABLY BE AN EMPTY HANGAR AT SOMEWHERE --

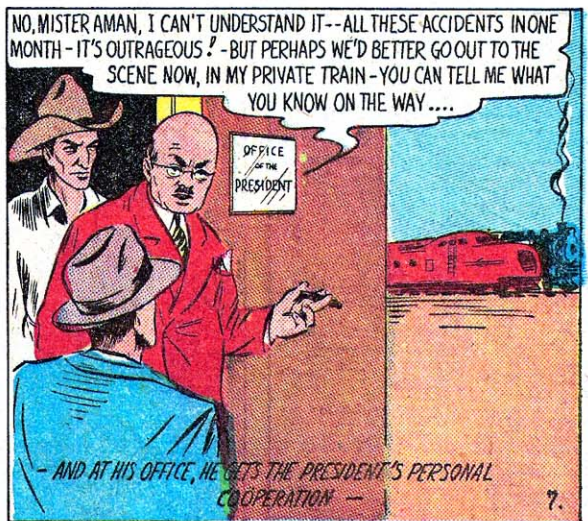
THE AIRPORT, MISTER -- I'LL GO 'LONG WITH YA, SEEIN' AS YOU'RE KEEPIN' THAT PENCIL!

SAY-- WHO IS THIS FELLER? A FEDERAL COP?



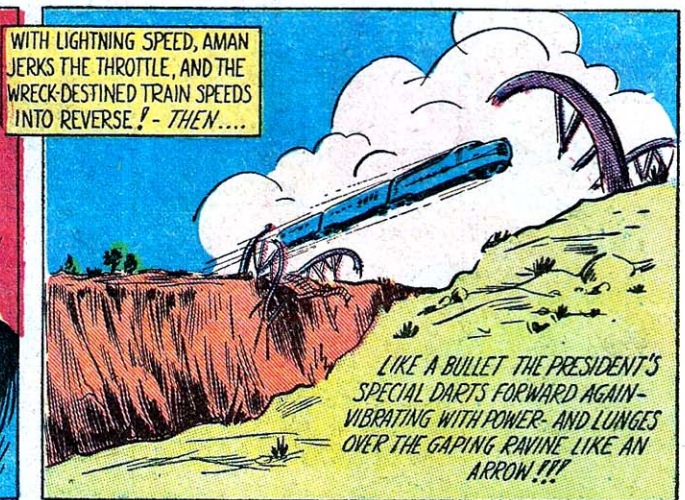
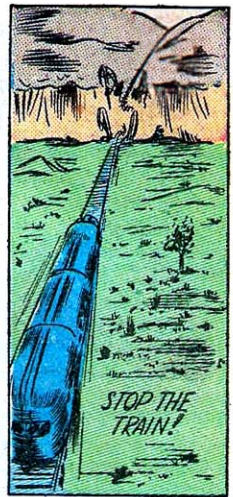
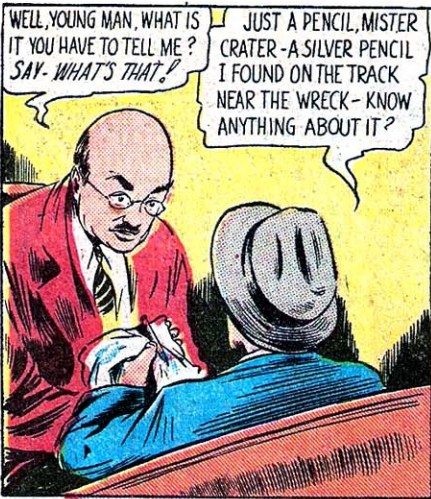
HELLO-- MR. CRATER? THIS IS JOHN AMAN, REPORTER ON THE "STAR"-- COVERING THE WRECK OF YOUR STREAMLINER --- I HAVE SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION, AND WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU PERSONALLY-- I'M ON MY WAY OVER NOW --

AT THE AIRPORT, USING A FICTITIOUS IDENTITY, AMAN TELEPHONES THE PRESIDENT OF THE RAILROAD COMPANY



NO, MISTER AMAN, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT-- ALL THESE ACCIDENTS IN ONE MONTH-- IT'S OUTRAGEOUS! - BUT PERHAPS WE'D BETTER GO OUT TO THE SCENE NOW, IN MY PRIVATE TRAIN-- YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ON THE WAY

- AND AT HIS OFFICE, HE GETS THE PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL COOPERATION -



AN EXTRAORDINARY FEAT MR AMAN ! IT GAVE ME QUITE A SHOCK -- BUT ABOUT THIS WRECK -- ?

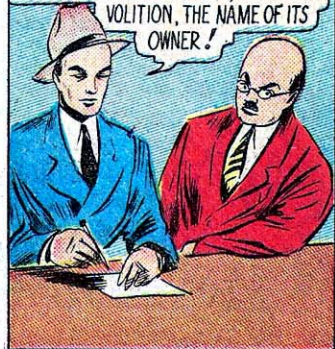
YES - LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE PENCIL ...



THE INITIAL SEEMS TO BE "J", BUT IT'S NOT TOO LEGIBLE - NOW, LET ME SHOW YOU A LITTLE TRICK OF THE ORIENT -



BY TELEPATHIC CONCENTRATION, I SHALL CAUSE THIS PENCIL TO WRITE, OF ITS OWN VOLITION, THE NAME OF ITS OWNER !



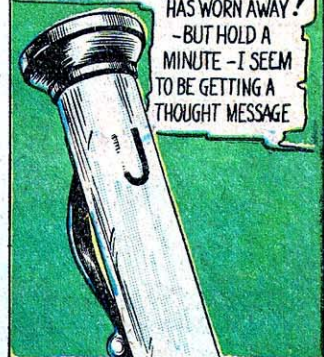
THERE - YOU SEE ? THE TRICK HAS ITS FOUNDATION IN THE ANCIENT ART OF PSYCHIC "AUTOMATIC WRITING" - BUT LOOK ! THE PENCIL WRITES "UHLIN" !



THAT'S ODD - "J" DOESN'T MATCH UP WITH "UHLIN" - THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG - I FEEL VERY STRANGE ABOUT THIS !



AH - I SEE ! THE LEFT LEG OF THE "U" HAS WORN AWAY ! - BUT HOLD A MINUTE - I SEEM TO BE GETTING A THOUGHT MESSAGE

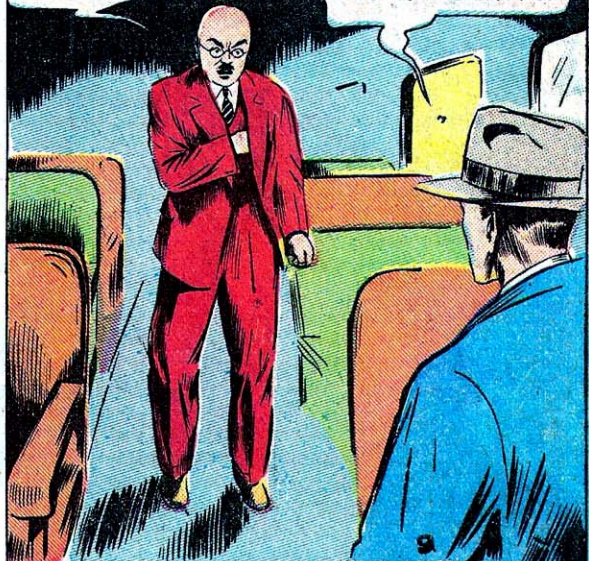


YES ! - MISTER CRATER, SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT THE PERSON NAMED "UHLIN" IS IN THIS CAR THIS VERY MINUTE ! - AND SINCE THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF US HERE ---- ?



WHY YOU --- *@!!!* - ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF THIS ? I'LL FIX YOU, YOU INTERLOPING COYOTE !!

JUST A MINUTE, MR. UHLIN ! THAT GUN WON'T DO YOU A BIT OF GOOD - I WARN YOU !



OH, IT WON'T, EH? WELL, MR. AMAN, THE RAILROAD DOESN'T NEED THE LIKES OF YOU BUTTING INTO ITS AFFAIRS! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MR. AMAN!!!



OH NO- WE'RE NOT SAYING GOODBYE YET! YOU HAVE A DEBT TO PAY FIRST!



FASTER THAN LIGHTNING, AMAN LEAPS INTO ACTION!

AND WITH A POWERFUL BLOW, SENDS THE CRIMINAL PRESIDENT SPRAWLING TO THE FLOOR!



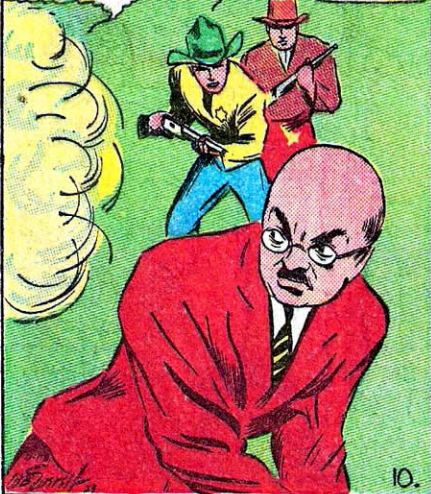
YES, UHLIN - BEFORE YOU SAY GOODBYE, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO A JURY JUST WHY YOU WRECKED YOUR OWN TRAINS! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE INSURANCE MONEY?



YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, SHERLOCK!

PARDON ME WHILE I FADE OUT, UHLIN! TELL THESE LADS ABOUT IT!

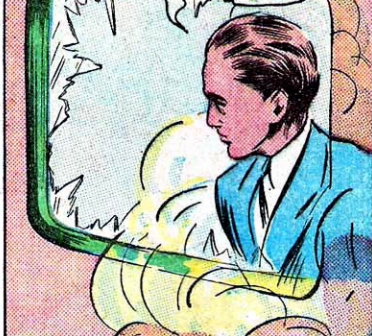
ALL RIGHT, CRATER - WE HEARD YOU! WILL YOU COME PEACEFULLY?



NEVER!



TOO BAD, OLD BOY - WELL, THAT FINISHES THAT!



AND SO - AMAN HAS STARTED HIS WORLD-WIDE CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME - BUT WHAT OF THE "GREAT QUESTION"? WILL HIS INFLUENCE DOMINATE AMAN IN THE NEXT ADVENTURE? WATCH FOR IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF "AMAZING-MAN COMICS"!

The CAT MAN

BY TARPE MILLS



IN THE SUMPTUOUS OFFICE OF STEVE HARRIGAN, BOSS POLITICIAN --

WHA--WHO? BARTON STONE?
WELL--THIS IS A SURPRISE! WHERE HAVE-ER-WHEN DID YOU GET OUT?



WELL, YUH SEE, OLD MAN, I-ER-HAVE AN IMPORTANT MEETING AT THE-- HUH?? OH-ER-O.K. YEH! I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THE OTHERS!



AND IN THE WALL STREET OFFICE OF ROGER WATSON HAMMOND, STOCK BROKER--

OH, HELLO, STEVE, WHAT ??
I THOUGHT HE DIED IN --EH? CRIPES!
TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK? RIGHT-- SEE YOU THERE!



AND IN THE HANDSOME REAL ESTATE OFFICES OF LIONEL BLACK--

YES, STEVE-- GOOD GOD!! YOU MEAN HE -- OH, TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK? H-MM, MAYBE WE CAN DISPOSE OF HIM SOME WAY, EH? YES, I'LL BE THERE!!

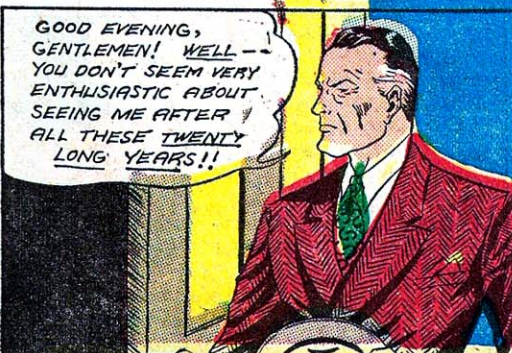


NOW LOOK, WE GOT NOTHIN' TO BE SCARED ABOUT. WE'LL GIVE HIM HIS SHARE OF THE DOUGH AND MEBBE A LITTLE EXTRA. WHY, IT AINT OUR FAULT IF HIS --



-- THAT EVENING WHEN THEY MET--

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN! WELL-- YOU DON'T SEEM VERY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT SEEING ME AFTER ALL THESE TWENTY LONG YEARS!!



WHY, BART, OLD BOY, SURE WE'RE GLAD TO SEE YUH! TICKLED T'DEATH! IT'S JUST THAT-ER--

THAT YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME ALIVE!



1. ---A "STRANGER" CALLED---

WELL -- A LOT OF WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE YOU WERE CALLED 'CHUCK' HARRIGAN -- AND OUR OLD FRIEND, 'BLACKIE', BIG REAL ESTATE MAN NOW, EH?

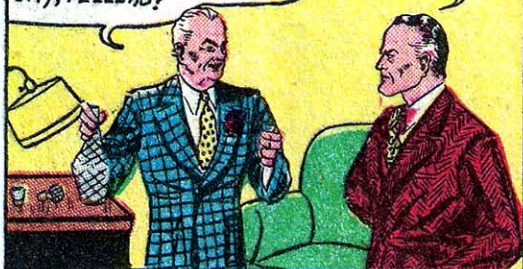


AND OF COURSE -- 'SLICK' HAMMOND! MY, MY -- YOU GENTLEMEN CERTAINLY MADE PROGRESS DURING THESE PAST TWENTY YEARS!!



HERE, LEMME GIVE YUH A SWIG A THIS, BART -- SAY HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE CELEBRATION, WADDAYA SAY, FELLERS?

SORT OF A COMING-OUT PARTY, EH?



BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN CELEBRATIONS, I'M INTERESTED IN --

YEH! YEH! YUH GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT, BART! WE KEPT YOUR DOUGH FOR YUH! A NICE LITTLE NEST EGG THAT'S BEEN COLLECTIN' INTEREST EVER SINCE YUH --



I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE MONEY! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS -- WHAT HAPPENED TO MY WIFE?



NOW, BART, OLD BOY, TAKE IT EAS --

DON'T 'BART, OLD BOY' ME -- YOU MISERABLE LYING SHUNKS! YOU LET HER DIE IN MISERY AND POVERTY WHILE I TOOK THE 'RAP' FOR YOU -- SERVING TWENTY LONG YEARS OF MY LIFE IN JAIL!!



PUT UP THE HARDWARE, 'SLICK', DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! I HAVE A LITTLE GADGET IN MY POCKET THAT WILL BLOW EVERY BLASTED ONE OF YOU TO ETERNITY!



BUT I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT THAT WAY -- I'M GOING TO PICK YOU OFF ONE BY ONE AND I'LL NEVER HAVE TO SERVE ANOTHER HOUR IN JAIL FOR IT, EITHER! I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH THAT PLEASANT THOUGHT, GENTLEMEN -- REMEMBER YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED!!



ONE YEAR LATER...IN AN ARISTOCRATIC OLD BROWN STONE HOUSE, AN ELDERLY LADY RECEIVES A VISITOR...

DEAR, DEAR, IT'S PERFECTLY LOVELY OF YOU TO VISIT ME PERSONALLY, MR. HARRIGAN! AS I WROTE YOU, I'M THINKING OF HAVING MY LAWYER DRAW UP A WILL LEAVING MY ESTATE TO YOUR CHARITY ORGANIZATION!



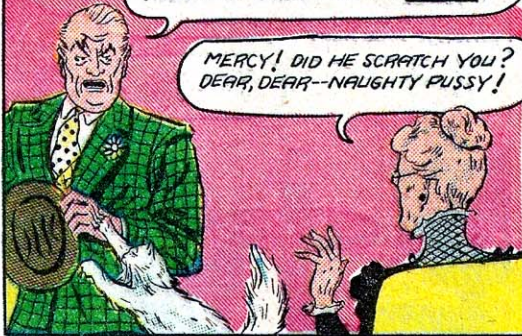
YOU SEE, I'M GETTING ON IN YEARS AND --

NOW, NOW, MA'AM, LET'S HOPE YUH LIVE T'BE A HUNDRED-- BUT-- LIKE I SAY, YUH COULDN'T LEAVE YER DOUGH TO A BETTER CAUSE!



WELL, I'LL BE SEEIN' YUH, MA'AM, AN IF YUH NEED A LAWYER--OWWW, LEGGO!

MERCY! DID HE SCRATCH YOU? DEAR, DEAR--NAUGHTY PUSSY!



H-MM! I'D BETTER WASH YOUR CLAWS! TEE-HEE! NAUGHTY PUSSY!!



THE NEXT NIGHT...

WELL, FELLERS, I RUN INTO A SWELL PIECE A LUCK YESTIDDY--SOME OLD LANE--

SAY! WAIT-- SOMEONE JUST THREW A NOTE IN THE WINDOW!

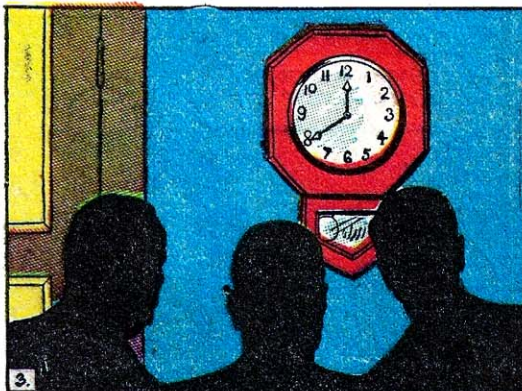


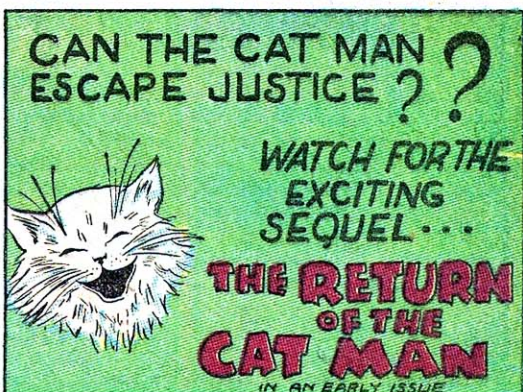
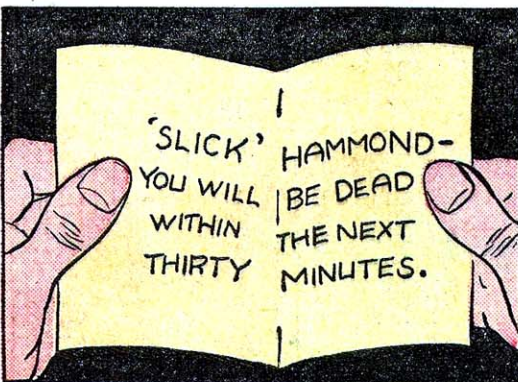
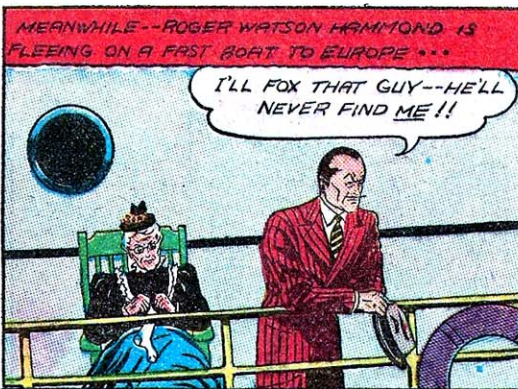
CHUCK HARRIGAN,
YOU WILL BE DEAD
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK
MIDNIGHT!



YUH GONNA STICK BY ME NOW, FELLERS? YUH AINT GONNA RUN OUT ON ME NOW, FELLERS, ARE YUH?

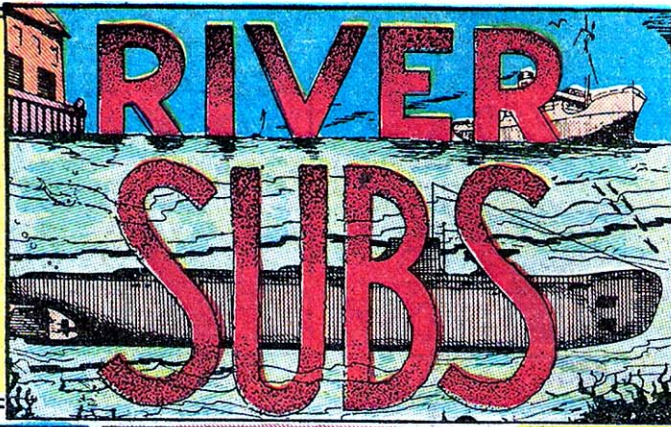
SURE, CHUCK, WE'LL STICK AROUND! AND WE'LL BE READY, TOO



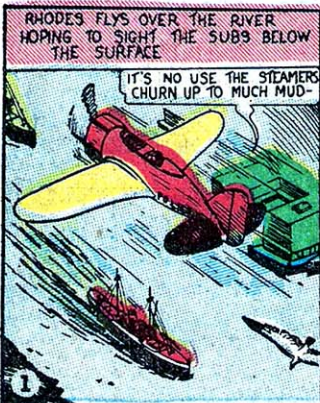
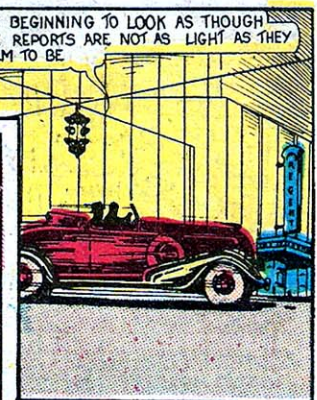
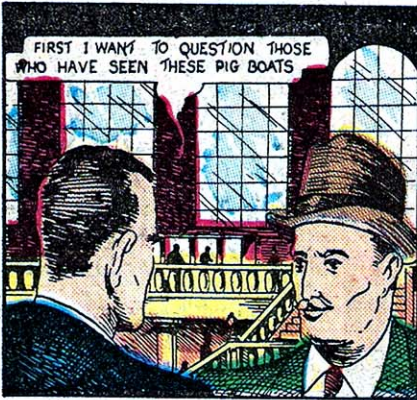


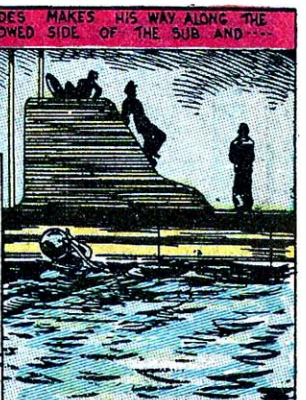
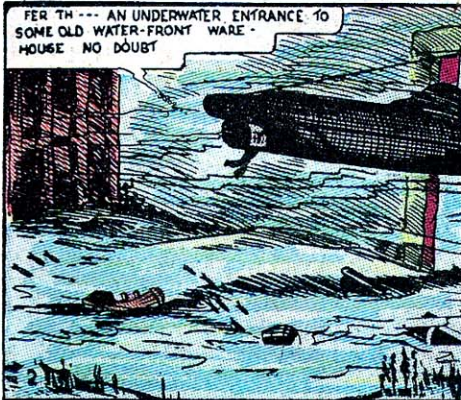
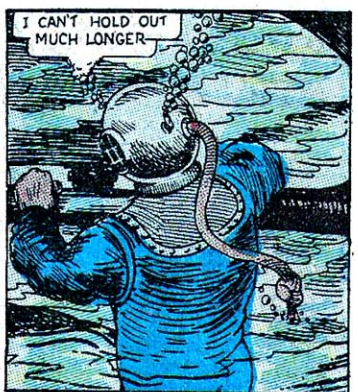
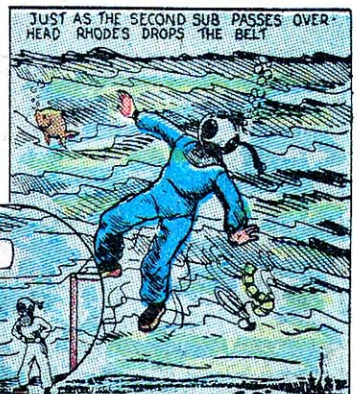
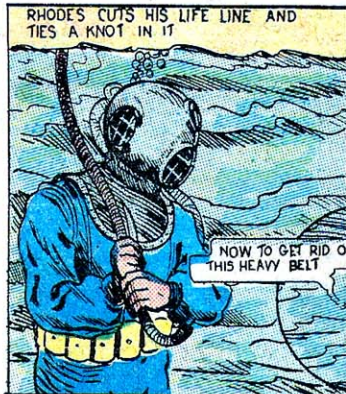
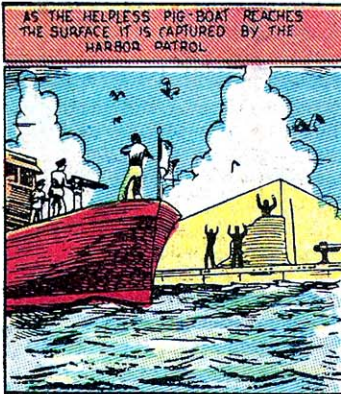
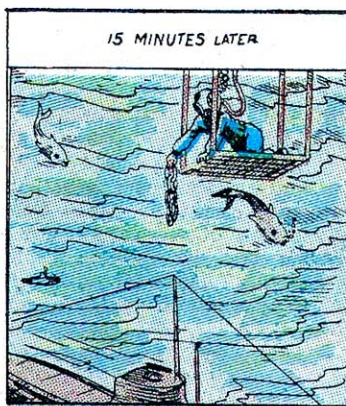
a
COMPLETE
STORY

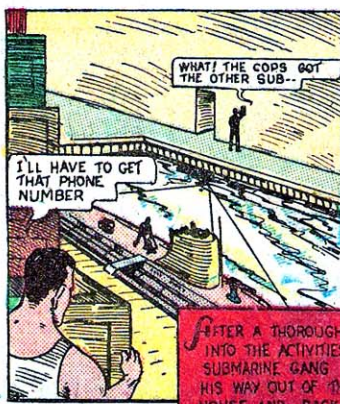
RIVER SUBS



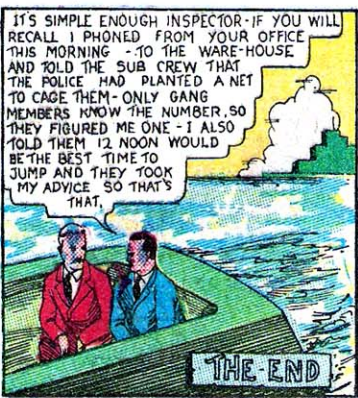
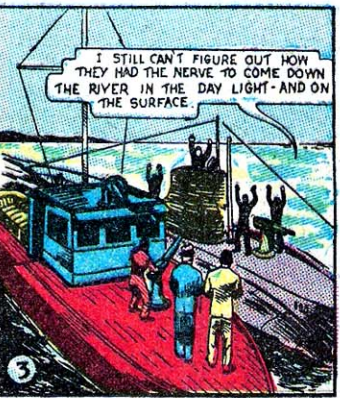
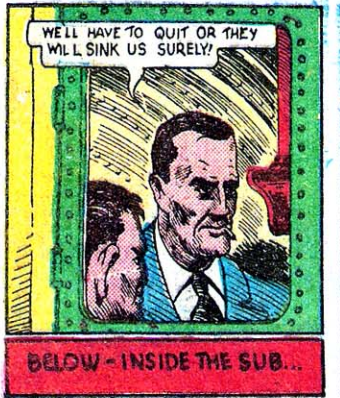
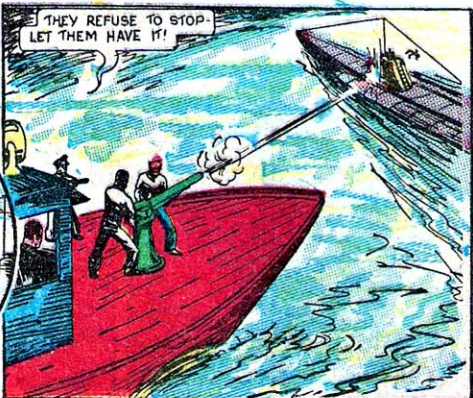
Featuring
**Jack
Rhodes**
by
RILEY








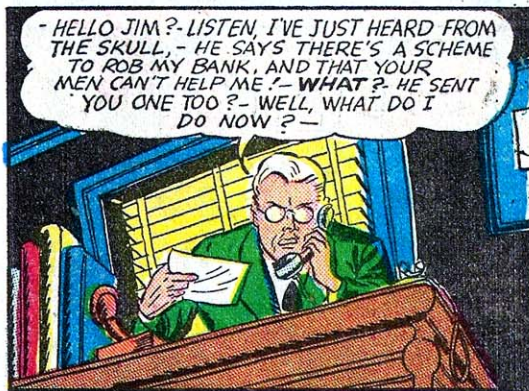
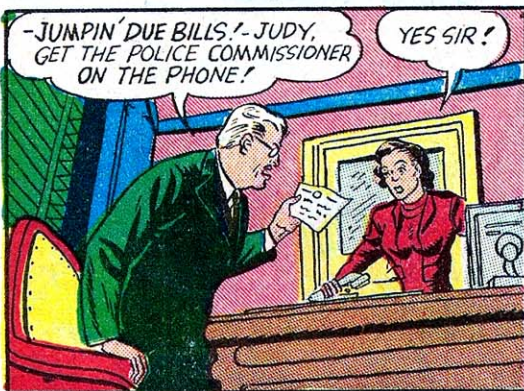
AFTER A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION INTO THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SUBMARINE GANG RHODES FINDS HIS WAY OUT OF THE OLD WAREHOUSE AND BACK TO HEAD QUARTERS





THE IRON SKULL

by CARL BURGOS

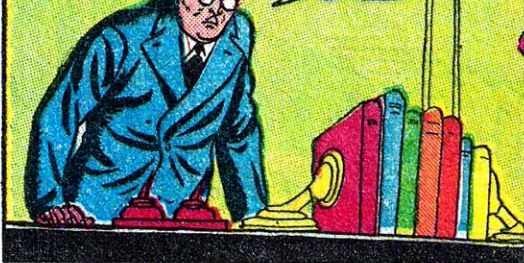


AS THE GUARD AT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE
TURNS, ONE OF THE FIGURES LETS LOOSE
A SPURT OF HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY.



INSIDE TERRIN'S
OFFICE.

H-M-M-M... I WONDER
WHAT ALL THAT
COMMOTION OUTSIDE
IS ABOUT -



THEN MOVING WITH EASE THE TWO ROBOTS ENTER
THE BANK PROPER, AND INSTANTLY SQUIRT
A GREEN GAS THAT IMMEDIATELY BECKONS
THE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS TO A MOST
HORRIBLE END.



-GAS! GA--



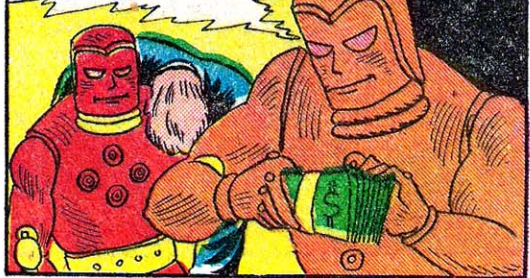
-LIFT TERRIN UP AND TAKE HIM
WITH YOU!- AND NOW FOR THE
VAULT!- AH, THERE IT IS!-

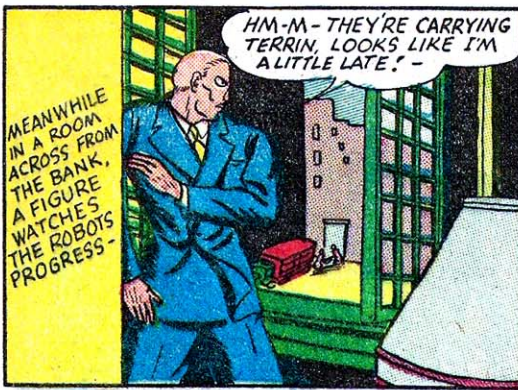


-IT'S GOT A TIME LOCK!
-OH WELL, I WAS PREPARED
FOR THAT!

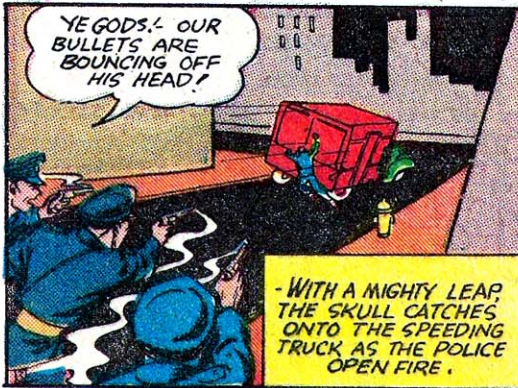
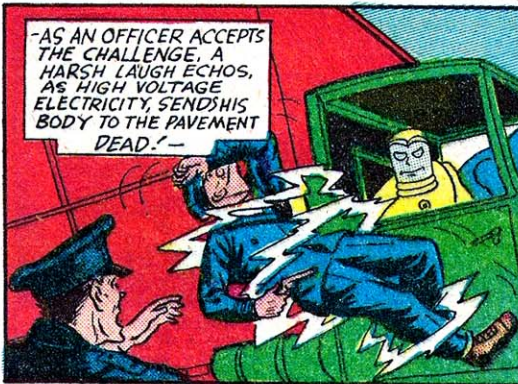
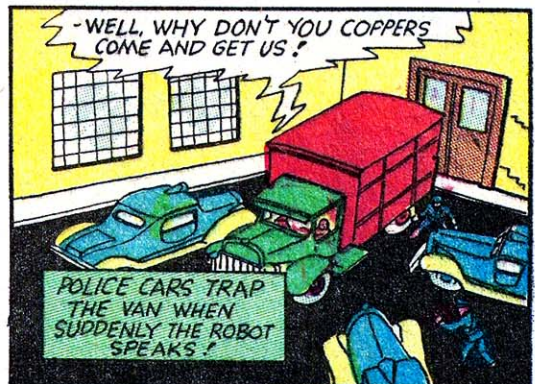
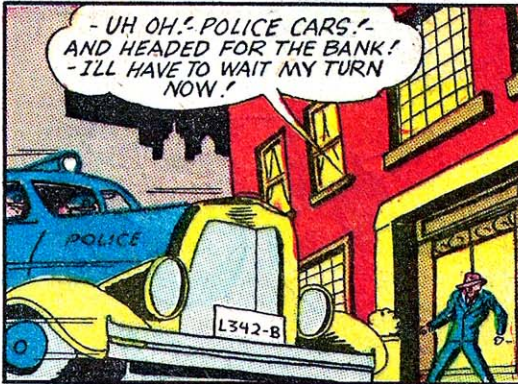
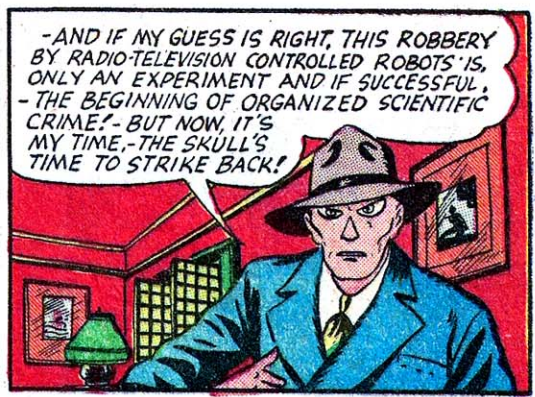


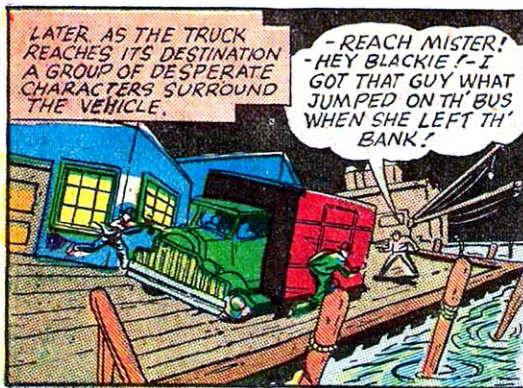
-\$300,000... CHICKEN FEED!
-FROM NOW ON WE'LL
CONCENTRATE ON
HIGHER STAKES!!





MEANWHILE
IN A ROOM
ACROSS FROM
THE BANK,
A FIGURE
WATCHES
THE ROBOTS
PROGRESS-





LATER AS THE TRUCK REACHES ITS DESTINATION A GROUP OF DESPERATE CHARACTERS SURROUND THE VEHICLE.

- REACH MISTER! - HEY BLACKIE! - I GOT THAT GUY WHAT JUMPED ON TH' BUS WHEN SHE LEFT TH' BANK!



- WELL- IF IT AIN'T THE SKULL! - THIS IS LUCK!

- BLACKIE NORTON! - SO, YOU'RE IN THIS RACKET, EH!

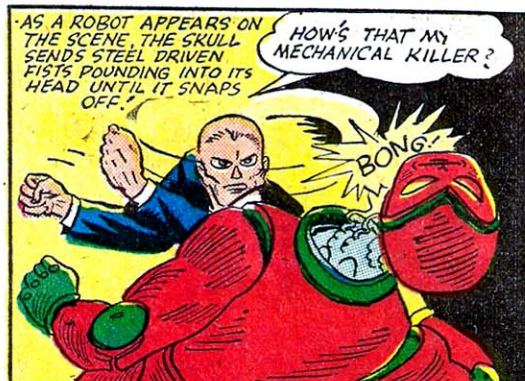
- QUIET CHUMP!



CLUNK!
CLINK!

CRACKS!

BUT, SUDDENLY THE SKULL TURNS INTO A DYNAMO OF ACTION LASHING OUT WITH HIS STEEL FISTS, AS GANGSTERS' BULLETS CLANG MERRILY ON HIS SKULL -



AS A ROBOT APPEARS ON THE SCENE THE SKULL SENDS STEEL DRIVEN FISTS POUNDING INTO ITS HEAD UNTIL IT SNAPS OFF!

HOW'S THAT MY MECHANICAL KILLER?

BONG!



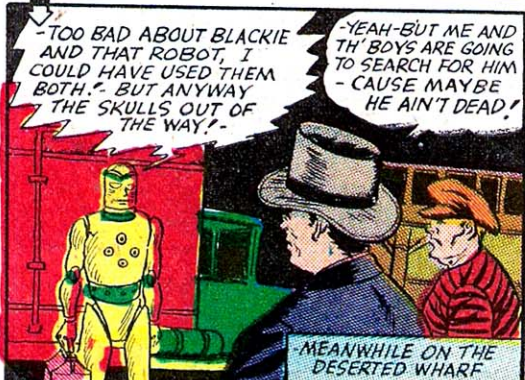
- THEN TURNING TO BLACKIE, WHO NOW IS HALF OFF AND ON THE ROUGH WOODEN FLOOR, THE SKULL LEAPS, WITH THE SPEED OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN, INTO THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH SENDING BOTH MEN FLYING INTO THE MURKY WATERS.

CLUNK!
BING-BUNG!
BONG!



- TOO BAD BLACKIE'S DEAD! - MIGHT HAVE GOT SOME DOPE OUT OF HIM... OH WELL, NOW TO GET OUT MY MAKEUP KIT AND CHANGE CLOTHES WITH BLACKIE - ...IT MIGHT WORK!

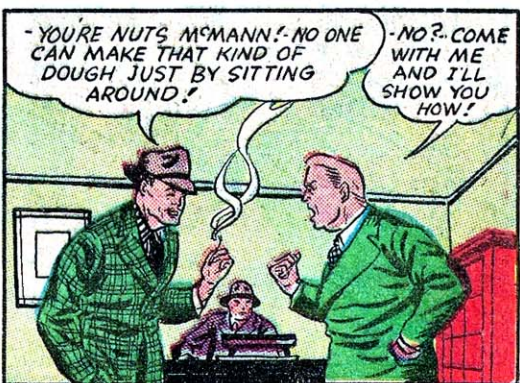
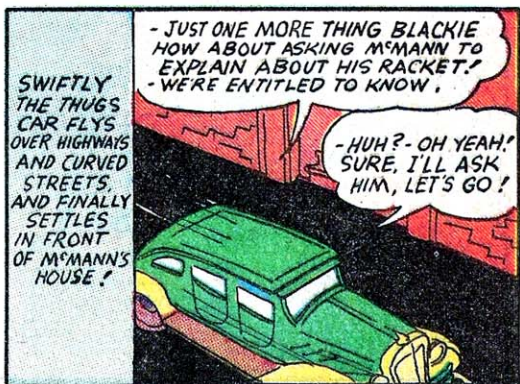
ONCE UNDER WATER, THE SKULL WITH DEFT STROKES, SAFELY MAKES FOR A NEARBY PIER, LUGGING BLACKIE ALL THE WAY, ONLY TO FIND HIM PASSED OUT.

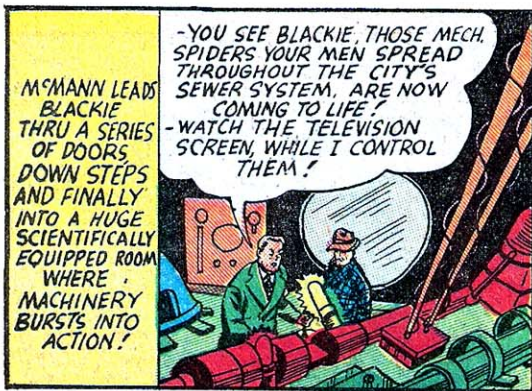


- TOO BAD ABOUT BLACKIE AND THAT ROBOT, I COULD HAVE USED THEM BOTH. - BUT ANYWAY THE SKULLS OUT OF THE WAY! -

- YEAH-BUT ME AND TH' BOYS ARE GOING TO SEARCH FOR HIM - CAUSE MAYBE HE AIN'T DEAD!

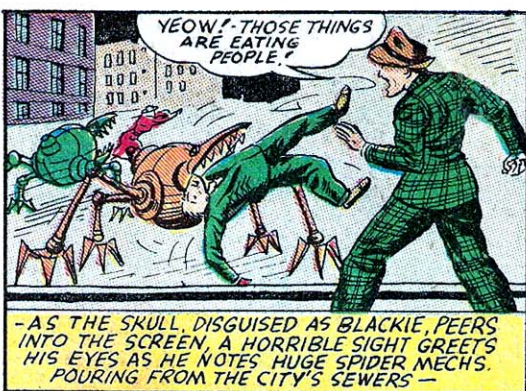
MEANWHILE ON THE DESERTED WHARF





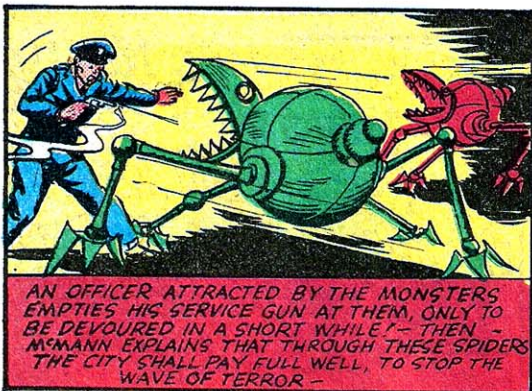
McMANN LEADS BLACKIE THRU A SERIES OF DOORS DOWN STEPS AND FINALLY INTO A HUGE SCIENTIFICALLY EQUIPPED ROOM WHERE MACHINERY BURSTS INTO ACTION!

-YOU SEE BLACKIE, THOSE MECH. SPIDERS YOUR MEN SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE CITY'S SEWER SYSTEM, ARE NOW COMING TO LIFE! - WATCH THE TELEVISION SCREEN, WHILE I CONTROL THEM!

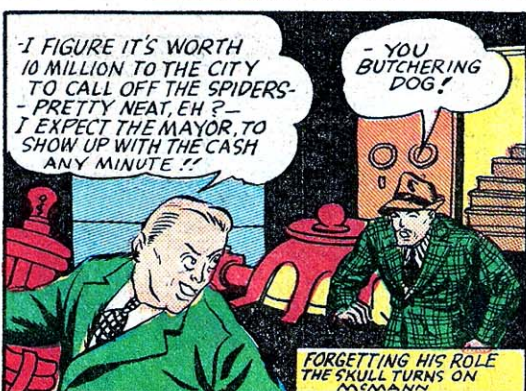


YEOW! - THOSE THINGS ARE EATING PEOPLE!

- AS THE SKULL, DISGUISED AS BLACKIE, PEERS INTO THE SCREEN, A HORRIBLE SIGHT GREET'S HIS EYES AS HE NOTES HUGE SPIDER MECHS. POURING FROM THE CITY'S SEWERS -



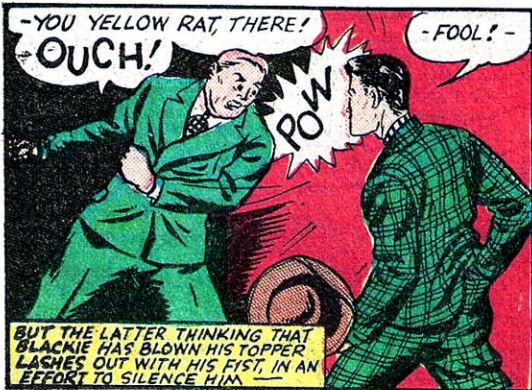
AN OFFICER ATTRACTED BY THE MONSTERS EMPRIES HIS SERVICE GUN AT THEM, ONLY TO BE DEVoured IN A SHORT WHILE! - THEN McMANN EXPLAINS THAT THROUGH THESE SPIDERS THE CITY SHALL PAY FULL WELL, TO STOP THE WAVE OF TERROR -



- I FIGURE IT'S WORTH 10 MILLION TO THE CITY TO CALL OFF THE SPIDERS - PRETTY NEAT, EH? - I EXPECT THE MAYOR, TO SHOW UP WITH THE CASH ANY MINUTE! -

- YOU BUTCHERING DOG!

FORGETTING HIS ROLE THE SKULL TURNS ON McMANN!



- YOU YELLOW RAT, THERE! OUCH!

- FOOL! -

POW

BUT THE LATTER THINKING THAT BLACKIE HAS BLOWN HIS TOPPER LACHES OUT WITH HIS FIST, IN AN EFFORT TO SILENCE HIM -



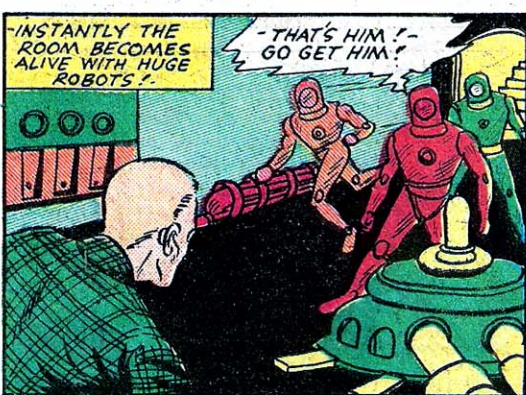
- YOU BUSTED YOUR HAND ON MY JAW! - BUT THAT'S NOTHING TO WHAT YOUR OUTFIT WILL BE WHEN I'M THRU! -

- WHIPPING OUT A HANDKERCHIEF, THE SKULL REMOVES HIS MASQUERADE!



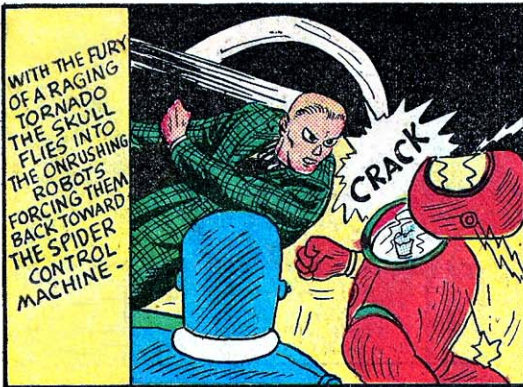
- THAT IS, IF YOU'RE NOT PUT AWAY FIRST, SKULL!

RUSHING MADLY TO THE FAR END OF THE ROOM, McMANN THROWS A SWITCH INTO PLACE.



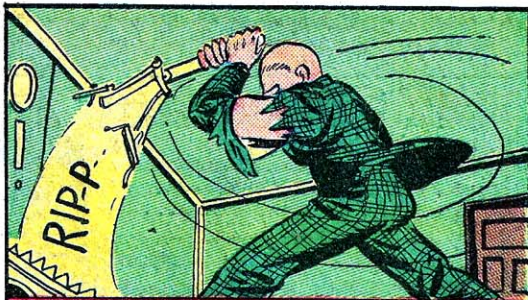
INSTANTLY THE ROOM BECOMES ALIVE WITH HUGE ROBOTS! -

- THAT'S HIM! - GO GET HIM!



WITH THE FURY OF A RAGING TORNADO THE SKULL FLIES INTO THE ONRUSHING ROBOTS FORCING THEM BACK TOWARD THE SPIDER CONTROL MACHINE -

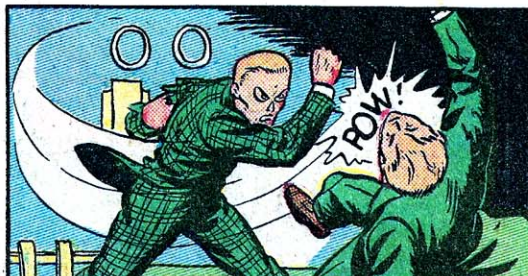
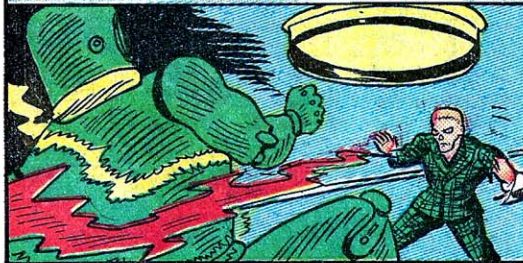
CRACK



LIKE A ONE MAN ARMY TANK THE SKULL SMASHES THRU THE STEEL CORDON, UNTIL HE REACHES THE CONTROLLING APPARATUS - THEN WITH A DESPERATE YANK, RIPS THE SWITCH FROM PLACE

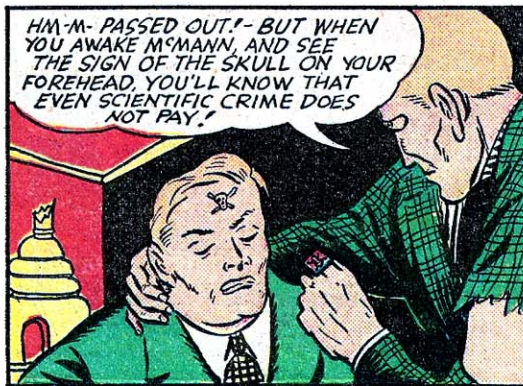
RIPP

- AND THEN TURNING BACK TO THE ROBOTS, HE CUTS LOOSE WITH A COMPACT ANNOOD COMPTON MACHINE CONCEALED UP HIS SLEEVE. - THE RESULTS ARE IMMEDIATE, AS THE ELECTRONIC RAYS PENETRATE THE MECHS STEEL PLATES WRECKING THE INSIDE MECHANISMS. -

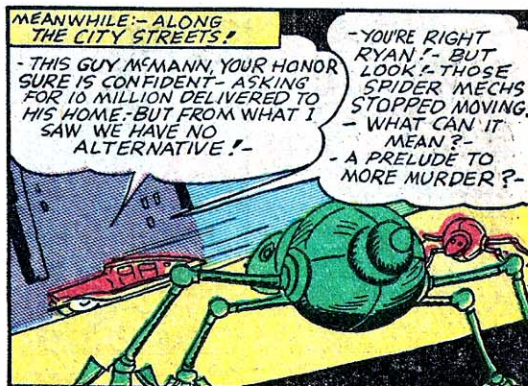


- M'MANN SEEING THIS LOSES HIS REASONING POWER. AS HE RUSHES THE SKULL, A STEEL FIST CRACKS HIS JAW! -

POW



HIM M- PASSED OUT! - BUT WHEN YOU AWAKE M'MANN, AND SEE THE SIGN OF THE SKULL ON YOUR FOREHEAD, YOU'LL KNOW THAT EVEN SCIENTIFIC CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



MEANWHILE:- ALONG THE CITY STREETS!

- THIS GUY M'MANN, YOUR HONOR SURE IS CONFIDENT ASKING FOR 10 MILLION DELIVERED TO HIS HOME, BUT FROM WHAT I SAW, WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE! -

- YOU'RE RIGHT RYAN! - BUT LOOK! - THOSE SPIDER MECHS STOPPED MOVING! - WHAT CAN IT MEAN? - A PRELUDE TO MORE MURDER? -



- HERE HE IS RYAN! - WHAT TH-- HE'S CHAINED TO A TANK - LOOK THERE'S A NOTE PINNED TO HIS CHEST!



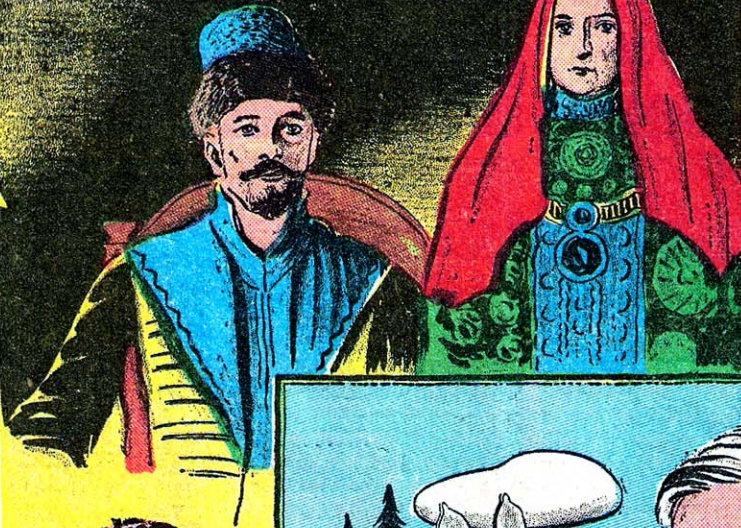
" TO MAYOR HASKINS - IT'S A PERSONAL PLEASURE TO STATE THAT YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO FEAR ANY MORE OUTBREAKS AS AS OF A FEW HOURS AGO! - M'MANN AND HIS MECHANICAL MONSTERS WILL NEVER ROAM AGAIN! - P.S. YOU'LL FIND MR. TERRIN SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE - M'MANN WANTED PERSONAL SATISFACTION FOR TURNING HIM DOWN ON FINANCIAL MATTERS! " - SIGNED - THE SKULL -

LATER AS THE MAYOR REACHES M'MANN'S HOUSE, HE'S SURPRISED TO FIND IT EMPTY EXCEPT FOR THE LAB.

NEXT MONTH ANOTHER COMPLETE "IRON SKULL" PICTURE STORY!

STRANGER THAN FICTION

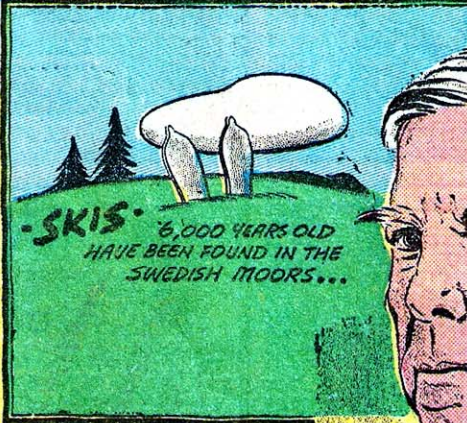
IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF THE PEOPLE IN RUSSIA STILL DO NOT KNOW THAT CZARIST RULE HAS ENDED...



ALL LIONS BECOME PANIC-STRICKEN, RUN AWAY, WHEN THEY SEE SPIDERS.



THE LADY WHO HAS PLAYED GROSQUET EVERY DAY FOR 32 YEARS-- MRS. JAMES GREER, WIFE OF THE MAYOR OF GREENPORT, MISSISSIPPI...

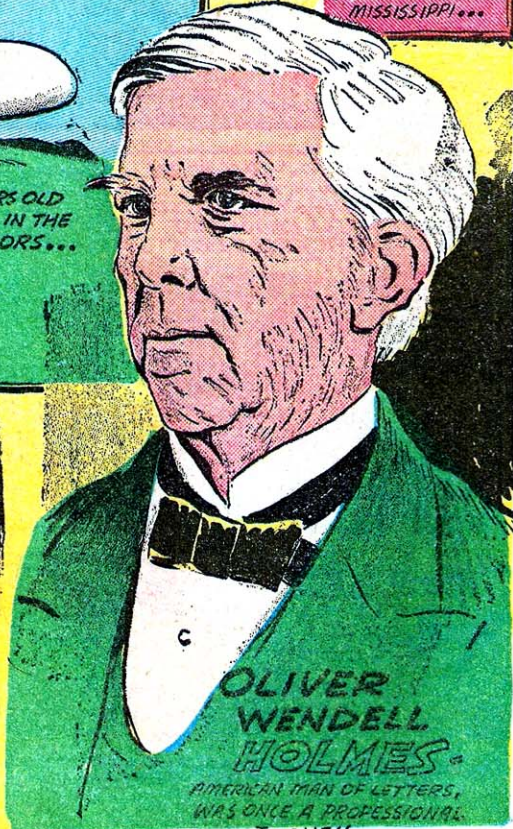


-SKIS- 6,000 YEARS OLD HAVE BEEN FOUND IN THE SWEDISH MOORS...



HENRY LEWIS OF SAYVILLE, NEW YORK, A PROFESSIONAL FLOWER-GROWER, GREW A ROSE-PLANT IN HIS HAIR--1924.

THE MAN WHO WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD WHILE MAKING A SPEECH (THE BULLET ENTERED JUST ABOVE HIS RIGHT EYE, CAME OUT BACK OF HIS LEFT EAR) AND WENT ON SPEAKING, NEVER SUFFERED ANY PAIN OR ILL EFFECTS... JOSEPH FRANKLIN, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 1862.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES-- AMERICAN MAN OF LETTERS, WAS ONCE A PROFESSIONAL JOCKEY...



THE TIGER WHICH IS KNOWN TO HAVE KILLED 122 PERSONS-- BORMANI, INDIA, 1891-96.

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The tiger was in the habit of raiding small villages, killing and carrying off women and children. Curiously, it killed only one man.
Lewis euked his hair with dirt, planted seed, raised roses within four months by forcing. He still has three of the roses pressed in a book.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

THE CAT WHICH SUCKLED SIX RATS--ON HENRY MORTONSON'S FARM IN SALT VALLEY, IDAHO

!!



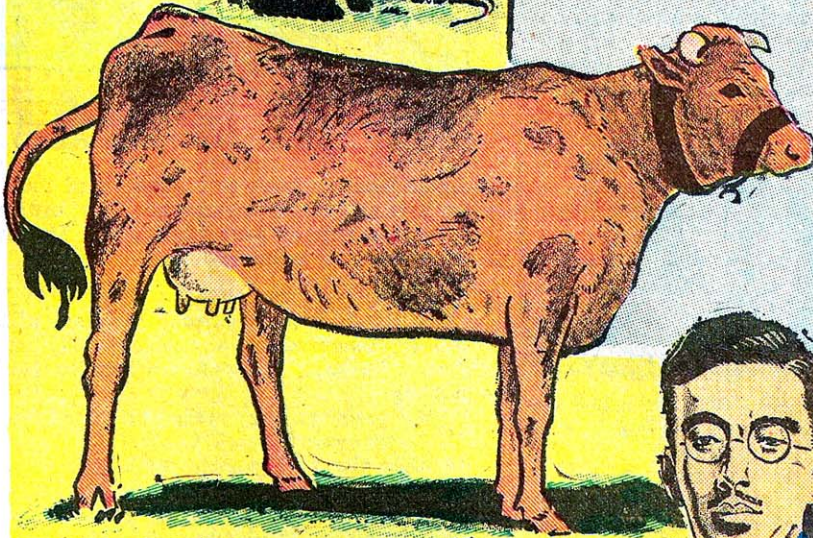
THE MINISTER WHO RETIRED AT THE AGE OF 73 TO BECOME A VETERINARIAN--THE REV. MARTIN BLUE, KINDERHOOK, NEW YORK, 1906...



BLUENOSE IS THE ONLY TOWN IN KANSAS WHICH VOTED AGAINST PROHIBITION IN THE 1914 STATE REFERENDUM!



HENRY RAVIGOTTI REMARRIED HIS "WIDOW" 22 YEARS AFTER HIS OWN "DEATH." ROME, ITALY 1920...



THERE ARE STILL 2,100 COWS WITHIN THE LIMITS OF NEW YORK CITY



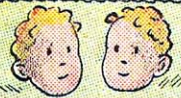
GEORGE DUDLEY OF OTTAWA, SERVED IN FRANCE WITH THE CANADIAN ARMY FOR SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE AUTHORITIES DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS ONLY 13 YEARS OLD--AND SENT HIM HOME. (1915-16)



THE SERMON THAT LASTED 12 HOURS AND 10 MINUTES--AT WASHINGTON, D.C., JUNE 4, 1931--PREACHED BY THE REV. G.2. BROWN OF MOUNT ZION BAPTIST CHURCH... HE SAID 88,194 WORDS, ESTABLISHING A WORLD RECORD. (THANKS--DONALD COATES.)

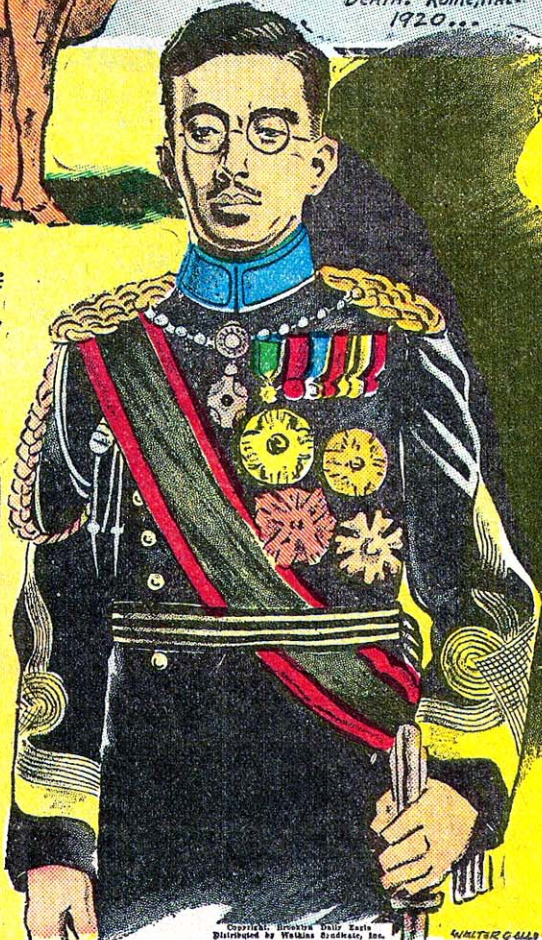


TWO-FIFTHS OF THE MOON'S SURFACE HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN FROM THE EARTH...



MRS. CLARISSA BONTILLA OF NAPLES, ITALY, HAD THREE SETS OF TWINS IN 25 MONTHS--1931-33.

NO HUMAN HAND MAY TOUCH THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN...WHICH MAKES IT HARD FOR DENTISTS, DOCTORS AND BARBERS. TAILORS MUST MEASURE SUITS BY GUESSING!



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A Young Dudley saw more than a month of action, would have been decorated for heroism had he remained with his regiment two months longer. Curious feature of the case was that Dudley was as large for his age, looked like a boy of 13.

THE TRAGIC NOTE

An Amazing Man Story

What Can You Do With a Powerful Voice? Aman Was Given The Test That Stilled a Life . . .

By Matty Point



AMAN, the beautiful creature asked the Amazing Man, "won't you please sing for us that Cantata Unica? . . ."

Ordinarily, it would have been difficult to deny a girl such as this one the simple favor of singing a beautiful song, and we all expected Aman to begin.

"I don't think I can oblige you," replied Aman to the girl.

"Why, Aman!" the girl was plainly disappointed.

"Forgive me, but I cannot sing the Cantata. It is too awful . . ." explained Aman.

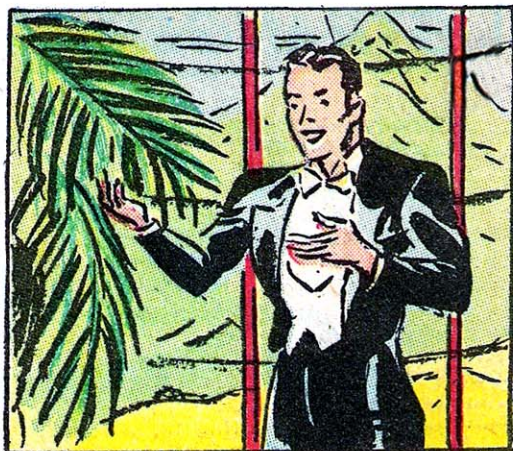
"But the Cantata is the most soothing and ethereal song in the universe," said the girl. "How can you, of all people, say it is awful?"

"I will explain," returned Aman, in his precise, musical voice.

Of course, we were all disappointed that Aman would not sing. The Amazing Man was gifted with a musical voice beyond the ordinary. Powerful, yet controlled, his voice would vibrate like an organ, or a fine violin. The Cantata Unica, which he had been asked to sing to us, he sang rarely, we all knew. That is why he was asked. It was the best of his songs, when he sang years back.

I WILL explain," Aman had said. We all settled back, and listened. We were his guests, in the huge princely residence that was his retreat in the highest Himalayas. The air was crystal, and the beauty of the surrounding country, crowded with mountains higher than the Rockies, filled us with wonder and amazement.

We were on the large crystal-enclosed veranda overlooking the huge Star Valley.



Aman had his back to it, and faced us. His tall, handsome silhouette was outlined against a sky of pure blue metal. It was a tense moment as he began:

WHEN I was still a student in Tibetland, I was required, as part of my extraordinary education, to learn the art of music. Perhaps it would be best to call it singing.

"My teachers, who were the wise men of the lofty mountains of Central Asia, taught me that the real music was everywhere in nature. My real teachers were the birds in the deep forests. There are no greater natural musicians than the birds.

"After that preliminary work, I was required to study the theory of music, its mathematics, and its special force and value in this world. That all came at once, and within a very short time, I had to cram a great deal of information.

"My teachers then had me pass a very strenuous test. There were five men who had to pass upon my qualifications as a musician, and I had to see each one separately, though they lived journeys apart.

"The first examiner satisfied himself that there wasn't a single bird note, or call that I didn't know, and that there didn't exist a musical sound, emitted by an animal, which I couldn't at once identify, in a musical way. I passed this first test.

The second examiner was interested in how much theory I had absorbed. We went over endless matters of scales, rhythm, transpositions, composition, trills, and what-nots. This test, too, I passed.

The third examiner wanted to be sure of my memory. He tried me with everything. I guess, that has ever been written in music. That was an easy test.

The fourth examiner desired to try my ability in creating music. That is, how well could I play a given instrument, or sing. How easily could I write original music, and play it? That one, too, was an easy test for me.

I hardly knew what the fifth test was going to be. It seemed to everything that could be desired had been asked of a musician! But I wearily trudged on to the fifth examiner, who lived in a retiring, distant place—so bleak and desolate that I wondered whether this test was one of courage, rather than music . . .

“WHEN I entered the large room where my fifth examiner was awaiting, I found a meeting was in progress. At least it seemed that way, for along the far end of the room, a long table, like a judge's bench was surrounded by a group of men. There was a larger, stronger man presiding. And all of them wore long robes, and buried their heads deep in their bonneted capes.

“They seemed to be waiting for me, and only the larger man spoke. His voice was deep, unearthly:

“‘We are pleased Aman has come,’ announced the Voice. ‘We are ready for the last test!’

“Then, it was explained to me that here would be tested my Power—that is, the strength of my voice. An unusual test, about which I wondered.

“Deep in the shadows, to the left, I could dimly see a cowed figure. It was a frightened human being, of the type I had seen in the plains, during my journeys. He was strapped in what appeared to be a crude chair. There were wires, probably electric wires, connecting with the back and the arms. It was quite weird, and dim . . .

“‘Begin singing!’ the Voice commanded. ‘Sing, the Cantata Unica, Aman!’

“Slowly, I began the beautiful notes of the Cantata. In the still, confined space like a cavern, where this group sat as though in judgment, my voice at first sounded thin, empty, and almost inadequate.”

“I suppose that I gathered strength as I sang, for soon, the notes welled from my throat in full tones, and the cavern was filled with harmony.

“I couldn't help, somehow, watching the figure crouching in the chair, back in the dim corner to the left. Every one of my beautiful notes caused him an increased terror, and I wondered, for my sense of mind-reading hadn't yet been developed. In a way, I felt that man's life was dependent upon my singing, my voice . . .

“I sang on . . . Oh, I suppose I was inspired by the beauty of the song, by the weirdness of the place, and by the severity of the courtroom like place. I sang with thunderous force, until it seemed that the very stones of the cavern would vibrate . . .

“Then, on a vigorous note, in the twelfth series of the cantabile, on notes 4, 193, 4, 194, and 4, 195 (for I was required to give complete choral effects by splitting my voice in parts in this singing), the thing happened . . .

“As my voice lifted up higher, and higher and its power was shaking the very roof of the cavern, the helpless being in the chair began to twist and squirm, glaring at me with eyes appealing, and when I reached the peak, he slumped down, vanquished.

“I hurriedly finished the Cantata, and stood still awhile, not daring to look up. I was shaken, not with the effort which I had put into my singing, but by the tragedy which I knew I had precipitated, there, in the corner.”

THE group around Aman was listening breathlessly.

“But tell us, Aman,” insisted the girl who had first asked for the Cantata. “Why don't you want to sing the song for us today? All those things happened long ago . . .”

Aman, the Amazing Man, looked through all of us for a few moments. He was trying to tell us, by thought transference, what had happened in that cavern test, years back. For no mere words could convey exactly what he felt. It was feeling-words he wanted us to receive.

“My thought is telling you all . . .” Aman said. With his arms crossed on his chest, he stood there, still as the sky in back of him.

What we all saw, in our mind's eye, was Aman as he sang. Then the high notes, and the man in the corner . . . Then the tragic notes, and we felt the electric current as it surged through the unfortunate's body. And we knew that by some electric means, as Aman's voice reached a certain force, and a certain pitch, an electric relay switch was released. The very force of the voice did it. And the current flowed, to kill the crouching figure . . .

“Now,” Aman said, “You all know why I shall never again sing the Cantata Unica . . . It was the fifth, and the fearful test!”

The End





THUNDERING BEATS OF THE GIANT WAR DRUM SENT A TERRIFYING MESSAGE THROUGH THE WILD CONGO JUNGLE . . . A MESSAGE THAT A BRAVE WHITE MAN HEARD—AND BEGAN TO INVESTIGATE!

A Thrilling Adventure Illustrated by Paul Gustavson—Episode 1

AT THE OUTPOST OF THE CONGO PATROL, LABU, SERVANT OF SANDY THORNE, THE MOST FEARED OF MEN IN THE PATROL BY THE NATIVES, STANDS TENSELY IN FRONT OF THE OUTPOST



THE JUNGLE IS MUCH TOO SILENT—TROUBLE BREWING! I DO NOT LIKE IT, TUAN.

LABU—LISTEN! THE DRUMS ARE BEATING IN THE EAST! WE'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR IT DISTINCTLY SOON.



YOU KNOW, TUAN—?

YES—THE CONGO WAR DRUM! THAT HASN'T BEEN SOUNDED IN ALMOST FIVE YEARS! PACK OUR THINGS, LABU, WE'RE GOING INLAND



LET ME SEND A PATROL WITH YOU, SANDY—THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS!

NO, THANKS! IF I DON'T GET BACK IN THREE MONTHS—THEN YOU CAN SEND IT OUT AFTER ME!







DEVIL WATER—!
HOW COME
HERE??

THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE
TO KNOW! SOMETHING
TELLS ME THIS IS MORE
THAN JUST AN
ORDINARY WAR
PATH!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THEIR STORE-
HOUSES HAVE BEEN LOOTED OF
EVERYTHING! AFTER WE FIND
THE WAR DRUM, I THINK WE'LL
PAY OUR FRIEND TRADER
LAMONT A VISIT! HE'S
PROBABLY THE ONE
WHO'S BEEN SELLING
THEM THE GIN THAT
STARTED HIS WAR
PATH!

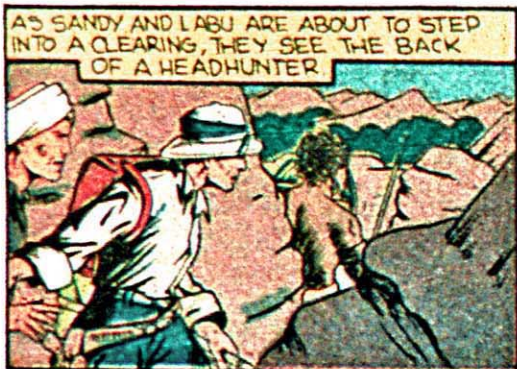


DAYS PASS AND SANDY AND LABU ARE
STILL TRACKING THE BAND OF HEADHUNTERS



WET FOOT PRINTS
ON ROCKS, TUAN!

YES— WE MUST BE
CATCHING UP WITH
THEM!

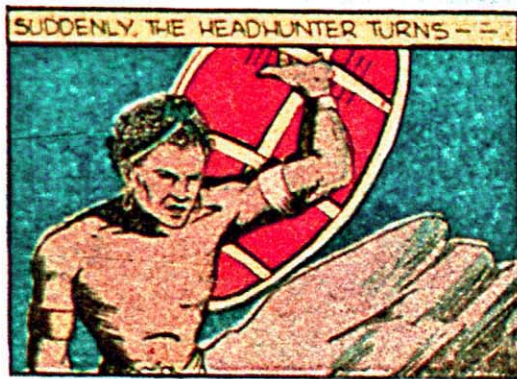


AS SANDY AND LABU ARE ABOUT TO STEP
INTO A CLEARING, THEY SEE THE BACK
OF A HEADHUNTER



BEHND HERE, LABU—
I DON'T THINK HE
SAW US.

KILANGA TRIBE
ALL RIGHT AND
MUCH BAD! SEE
BLOW-GUN OF POISON
DARTS! WONDER
HOW MANY?

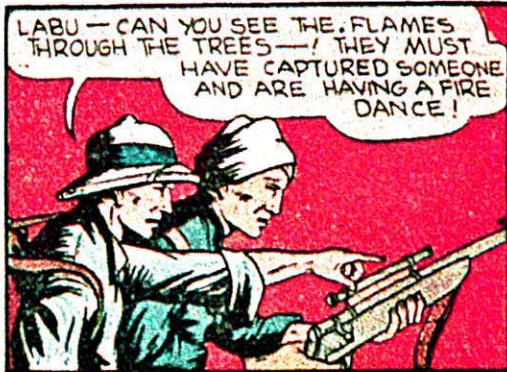


SUDDENLY, THE HEADHUNTER TURNS — —



AND A DOZEN OR MORE HOWLING SAVAGES,
HALF DRUNK FROM GIN, RUSH FORWARD
THROUGH THE CLEARING





AS THEY DRAW NEARER, SANDY AND LABU SEE THE HEADHUNTERS DANCING WILDLY ABOUT A ROARING FIRE.



A FEW FEET FROM THE FIRE ARE THREE CAPTIVES TIED TO STAKES — ALL WHITE.





HOW WILL SANDY FREE HIMSELF, LABU AND THE THREE WHITE PRISONERS TIED TO THE SNAKES? WILL HE BE ABLE TO STOP THE RAVING OF THE HEADHUNTERS NOW ISLAMONT CONNECTED WITH THE TRIBE?

— DON'T MISS THE CONCLUSION OF THIS STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

MINIMIDGET

THE
MINIATURE MAN

BY JOHN F. KOLB



SO MY DEAR BROTHER WON'T LET ME HAVE MORE MONEY--HA-HA--WITH MY LITTLE PLAYMATE'S TO DEAL WITH HIM, AT MY COMMAND THEY WILL STRIKE, THEN-- HIS MONEY WILL BE MINE.



YES, MY PET'S WITH THIS LITTLE POISONED SWORD, AND I TO COMMAND YOU, THE MONEY SHALL BE MINE, TO USE, AS I PLEASE.



COME MY PET'S, DANCE MAKE MERRY ERE YOU GO TO WORK--HEH--HEH-- WITH YOUR POISONED SWORD.



THAT NIGHT BARNELL STARTS FOR HIS BROTHER'S MANSION --

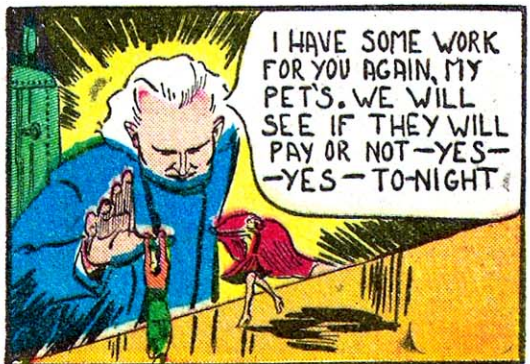
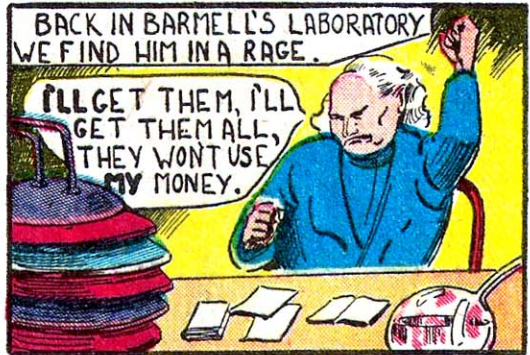
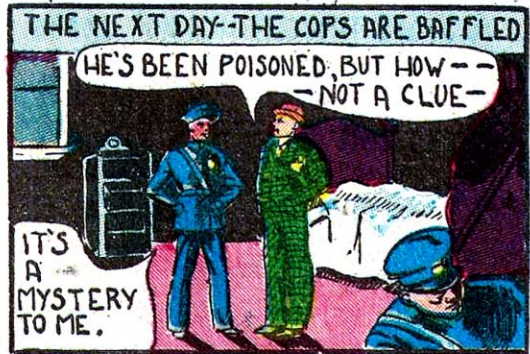


UNDER THE OPEN BEDROOM WINDOW, HE LIFTS UP HIS BRAINCHILD, A HUMAN MAN, REDUCED TO THE SIZE OF HIS HAND

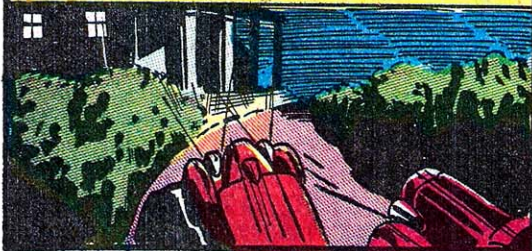


ACROSS THE SILL, OVER THE DRESSER, TO THE FLOOR, WENT THE SUPERMIDGET.





THAT NIGHT POLICE CARS GO ROARING UP TO MR. JAMES'S HOUSE. MR. JAMES WAS DEAD--KILLED--WITNESSED BY THE MAID.



I WAS STANDING BY HIM--AND THE OTHER MAID ALSO-- I NOTICED HE RUBBED HIS LEG, THEN HE FELL

AND YOU SAW NOTHING ELSE



MUST BE A SPOOK

YES; WE THOUGHT HE HAD JUST FAINTED; BUT THE DOCTOR SAID HE WAS DEAD --POISONED--

LOOKS LIKE THOSE LETTERS MEANT WHAT THEY SAID, AND NO FOOLING!



YOU CALLED A DOCTOR FIRST.

BACK AT HEADQUARTERS

NOW MEN, IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A SERIOUS CASE ON OUR HANDS. JIM--YOU GUARD MR. JAMES'S PARTNER, AND BOB--YOU WATCH MISS DALE, AND NO ROMANTIC STUFF, THIS IS DARNED SERIOUS.



MEANWHILE BACK IN BARMELL'S LABORATORY

ME A GENIUS! STARVING, REVENGE IS SWEET-- I SHALL HAVE MY REVENGE.

WHILE THEY LIVE IN HIGH STYLE, ON MY MONEY.



MY PET'S WILL HELP ME. I'LL SHOW THEM



THAT NIGHT A BLACK CLOAKED FIGURE STARTS OUT AGAIN --



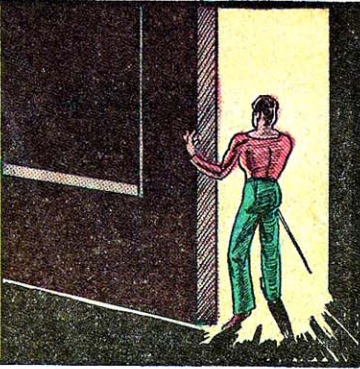
AND STOPS BENEATH AN OPEN WINDOW

IT WHISPERS

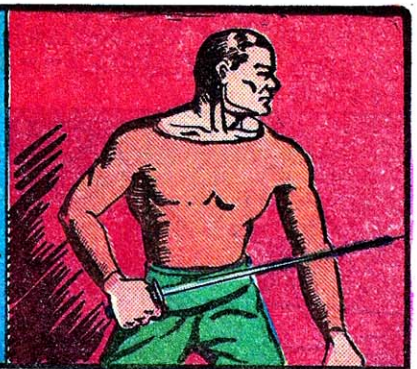
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU!



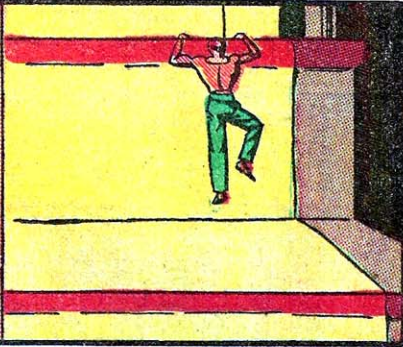
ACROSS
THE ROOM
TO THE
OPEN DOOR
WENT THE
SUPERMIDGET



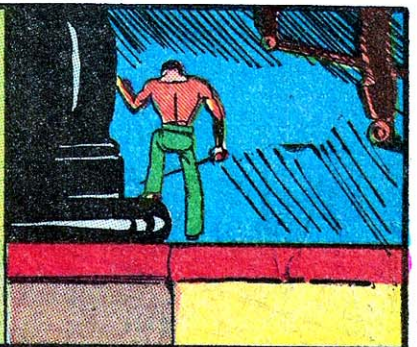
OUT
INTO
THE
HALL--
ALONG
THE
SIDEWALL



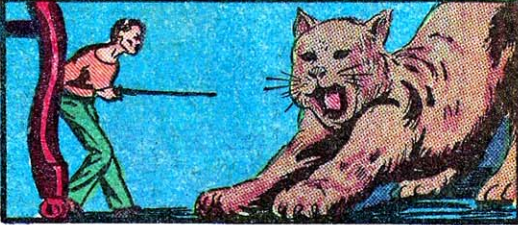
UP THE
STAIRS



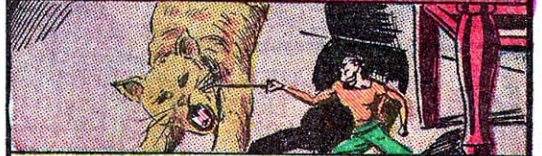
TO THE
SECOND
FLOOR



SHARP EYE'S THAT PIERCED THE
GLOOM OF THE HALL WATCHED HIM. HE
TURNED IN TIME TO SEE A CAT READY
TO SPRING ON HIM.



AS THE CAT LEAPED HE STEPPED
ASIDE AND STABBED HIM IN THE
NECK.



THE POISON TOOK EFFECT AT ONCE
ON THE CAT— HE LAY TWITCHING,
THEN WAS QUIET---DEAD---

THAT
DANGER
OVER--HE
CONTINUED
DOWN THE
HALL TO AN
OPEN DOOR
--- LIGHT
COMING
FROM IT--



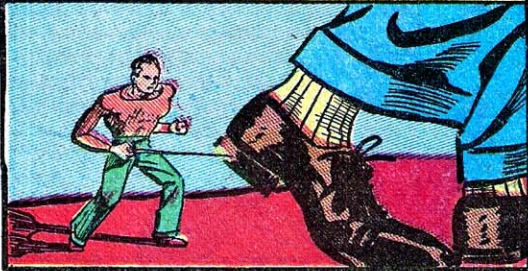
STEALING HIS WAY AROUND THE ROOM
HE CREEPT BEHIND THE MAN HE WAS
TO KILL. A DETECTIVE WAS WITH HIM.



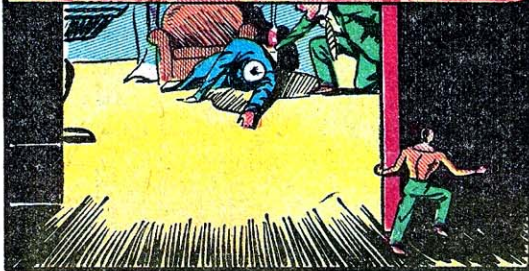
I DON'T SEE WHY I
HAVE TO BE GUARDED--
NOTHING HAPPENS.

IT'S ORDERS!
I STAY

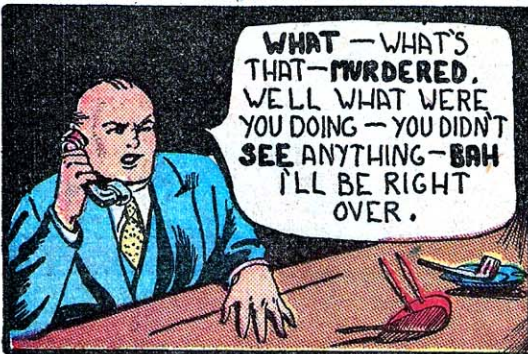
UNDERNEATH THE DOOMED MAN
CROUCHED THE SUPERMIDGET -- SWORD
IN HAND.



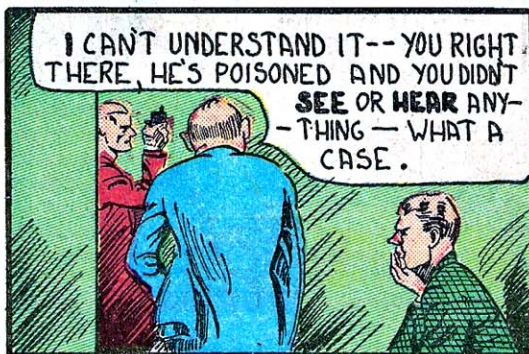
A QUICK JAB OF HIS SWORD, LIKE A
SHADOW HE DARTED FOR THE WALL --
AROUND THE ROOM AND OUT THE DOOR



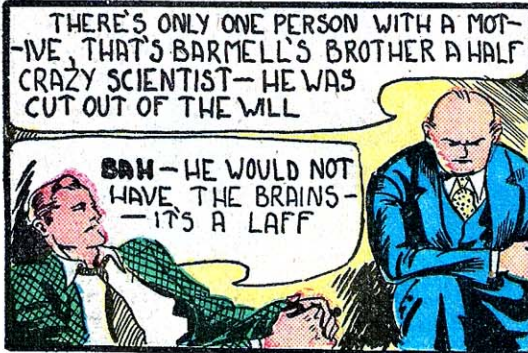
WHAT -- WHAT'S
THAT -- MURDERED.
WELL WHAT WERE
YOU DOING -- YOU DIDN'T
SEE ANYTHING -- BAH
I'LL BE RIGHT
OVER.



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT -- YOU RIGHT
THERE, HE'S POISONED AND YOU DIDN'T
SEE OR HEAR ANY-
THING -- WHAT A
CASE.



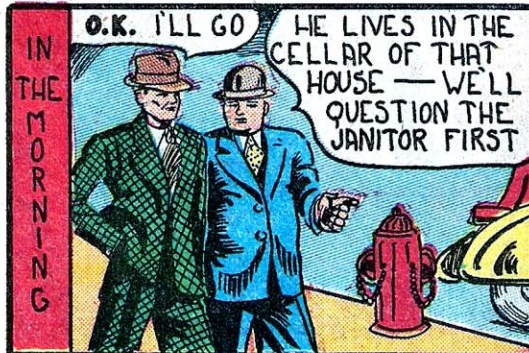
THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WITH A MOT-
IVE, THAT'S BARMELL'S BROTHER A HALF
CRAZY SCIENTIST -- HE WAS
CUT OUT OF THE WILL



BAH -- HE WOULD NOT
HAVE THE BRAINS --
-- IT'S A LAFF

O.K. I'LL GO

HE LIVES IN THE
CELLAR OF THAT
HOUSE -- WE'LL
QUESTION THE
JANITOR FIRST



YOU SAY BAR-
MELL DIDN'T
LEAVE LAST NIGHT

NO SIR, THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY --
THAT'S
PAST
ME



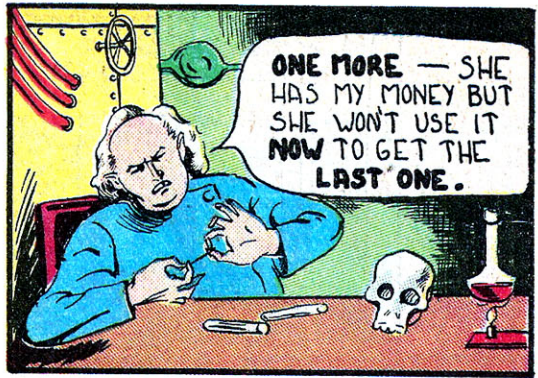
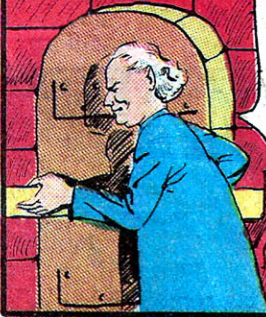
YOU SAY HE'S OUT
NOW -- WE'LL BE
BACK

YES SIR



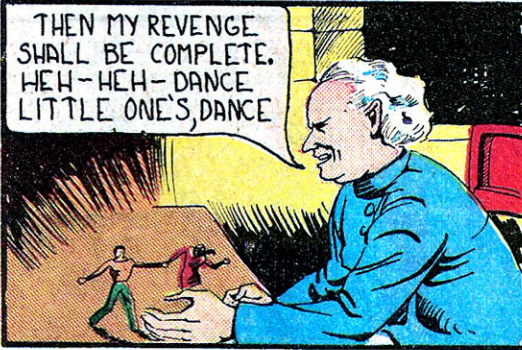
BUT BEHIND BARMELL'S DOOR—LISTENING

HEH-HEH-- THEY DON'T KNOW OF THE SECRET PASSAGE. TRY AND GET ME, YOU DUMB COPS. HEH-HEH-HEH



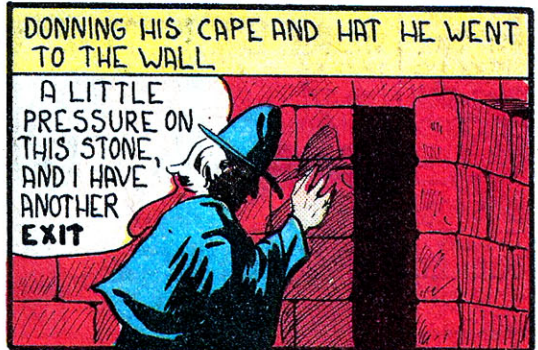
ONE MORE — SHE HAS MY MONEY BUT SHE WON'T USE IT NOW TO GET THE LAST ONE.

THEN MY REVENGE SHALL BE COMPLETE. HEH-HEH—DANCE LITTLE ONE'S, DANCE

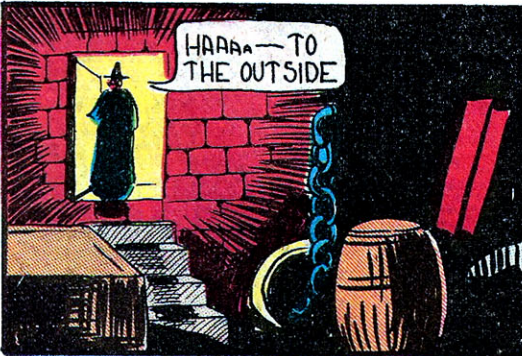


DONNING HIS CAPE AND HAT HE WENT TO THE WALL

A LITTLE PRESSURE ON THIS STONE, AND I HAVE ANOTHER EXIT

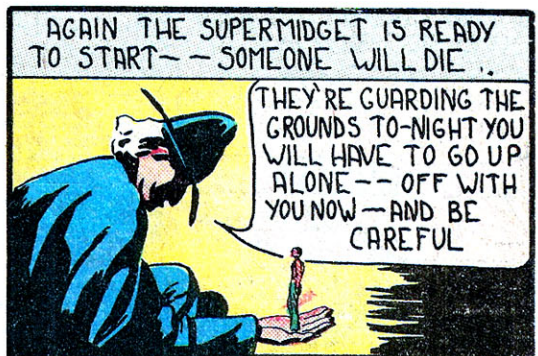


HAAA— TO THE OUTSIDE



AGAIN THE SUPERMIDGET IS READY TO START— — SOMEONE WILL DIE .

THEY'RE GUARDING THE GROUNDS TO-NIGHT YOU WILL HAVE TO GO UP ALONE— — OFF WITH YOU NOW— AND BE CAREFUL

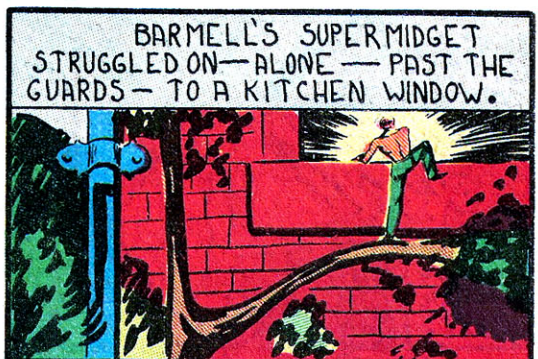


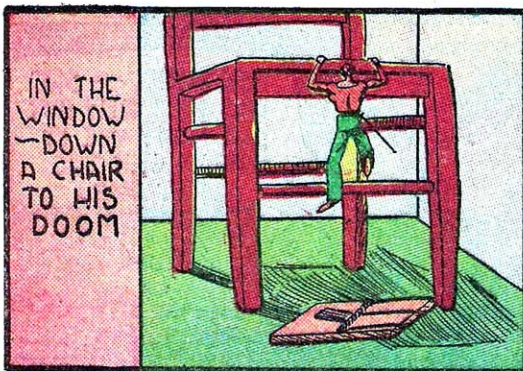
THREE HOURS GONE!!!

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED! MY PET SHOULD BE BACK— I MUST LEAVE— IT IS NEAR DAYBREAK

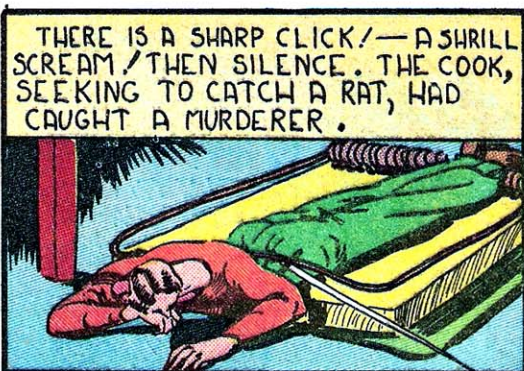


BARMELL'S SUPERMIDGET STRUGGLED ON— ALONE — PAST THE GUARDS— TO A KITCHEN WINDOW.

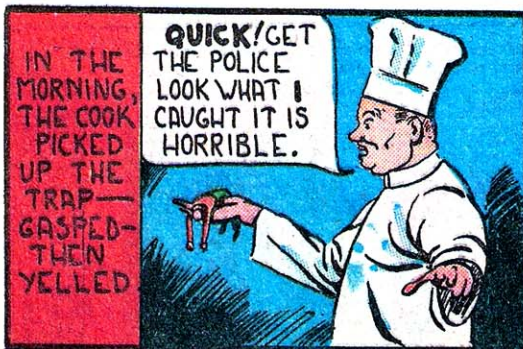




IN THE WINDOW—DOWN A CHAIR TO HIS DOOM



THERE IS A SHARP CLICK!— A SHRILL SCREAM / THEN SILENCE. THE COOK, SEEKING TO CATCH A RAT, HAD CAUGHT A MURDERER.



IN THE MORNING, THE COOK PICKED UP THE TRAP—GASPED—THEY YELLED

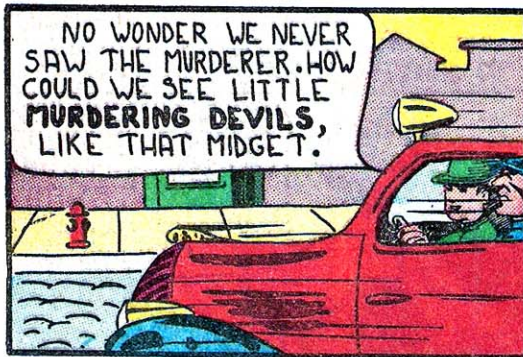
QUICK! GET THE POLICE LOOK WHAT I CAUGHT IT IS HORRIBLE.



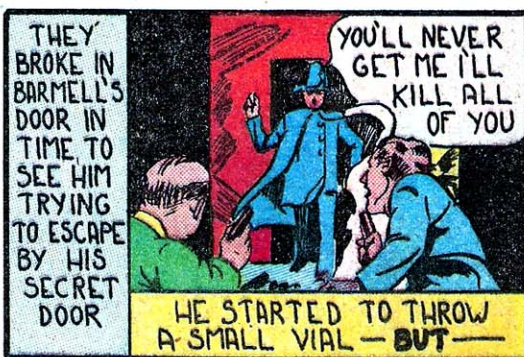
WHY— THAT'S WHAT MY UNCLE WANTED MONEY FOR, TO CREATE SUPERMIDGETS

YES— AND THAT'S WHY HE KILLED HIS BROTHER— HE WOULDN'T GIVE HIM ANY

LET'S GO GET HIM



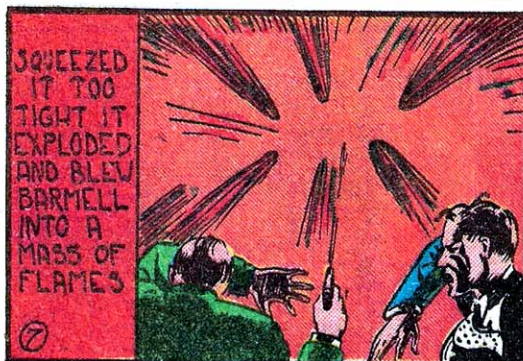
NO WONDER WE NEVER SAW THE MURDERER. HOW COULD WE SEE LITTLE MURDERING DEVILS, LIKE THAT MIDGET?



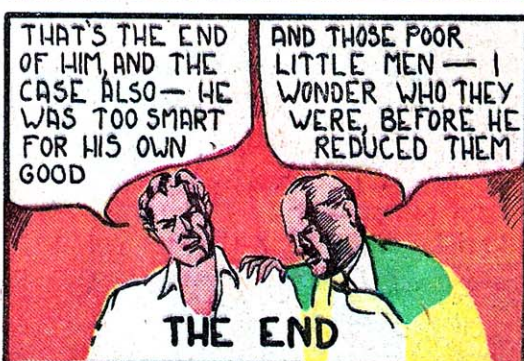
THEY BROKE IN BARMELL'S DOOR IN TIME TO SEE HIM TRYING TO ESCAPE BY HIS SECRET DOOR

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME I'LL KILL ALL OF YOU

HE STARTED TO THROW A SMALL VIAL— BUT—



SQUEEZED IT TOO TIGHT IT EXPLODED AND BLEW BARMELL INTO A MASS OF FLAMES



THAT'S THE END OF HIM, AND THE CASE ALSO— HE WAS TOO SMART FOR HIS OWN GOOD

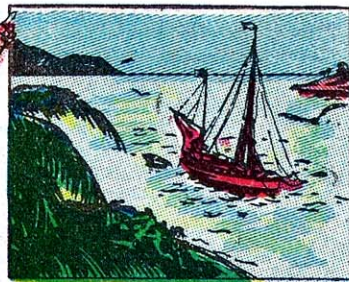
AND THOSE POOR LITTLE MEN— I WONDER WHO THEY WERE, BEFORE HE REDUCED THEM

THE END

CHUCK HARDY

in **THE LAND BENEATH THE SEA**

by Franklyn Thomas



THE SMALL YAWL 'RESEARCH' COMES TO ANCHOR OFF THE ISLAND OF TAHUATA, ONE OF THE MARQUESAN GROUP, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.



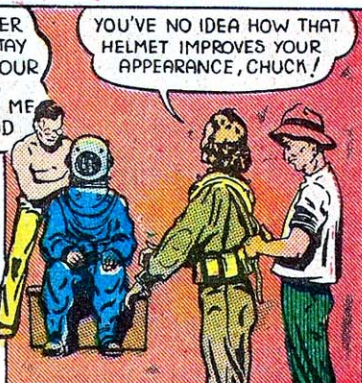
CHUCK, YOU AND MISS PETERSON CAN'T FAIL US TODAY... WE MUST HAVE SOME SPECIMENS

-HEAR THAT CHUCK?

ABOARD THE VESSEL, A SMALL PARTY OF AMERICAN SCIENTISTS, HEADED BY PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, OF PORTMOUTH UNIVERSITY, PREPARE FOR THE DAY'S UNDERSEA EXPEDITION BY TWO OF ITS MEMBERS



OH YEAH? IF I DON'T DO BETTER THAN YOU DID YESTERDAY, I'LL STAY UNDER... YOU WERE DOWN AN HOUR AND ALL YOU BROUGHT UP WAS SEAWEED! WATCH ME TODAY, JERRY, AND LEARN!



YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW THAT HELMET IMPROVES YOUR APPEARANCE, CHUCK!

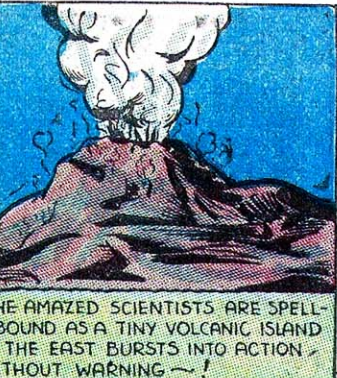
EQUIPMENT ADJUSTED, JERRY AND CHUCK DESCEND TO THE BLUE DEPTHS OF THE PACIFIC



SUDDENLY, ABOARD THE 'RESEARCH'!



LOOK - PROFESSOR! VOLCANO!



THE AMAZED SCIENTISTS ARE SPELL-BOUND AS A TINY VOLCANIC ISLAND TO THE EAST BURSTS INTO ACTION WITHOUT WARNING

WE HAVEN'T A SECOND TO LOSE!! GET JERRY AND CHUCK UP ON BOARD! HURRY!! THIS WATER WILL BE BOILING HOT IN JUST A FEW MINUTES! IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE WE'LL ALL BE COOKED!



BUT TOO LATE! — UNDERSEA, THE TWO EXPLORERS CLING TO EACH OTHER AS CURRENTS SWIRL AND THE OCEAN BOTTOM TREMBLES!



SUDDENLY THE OCEAN FLOOR GIVES WAY BENEATH THEIR FEET!!



LIFE LINES SNAP AS CHUCK AND JERRY FLASH DOWNWARD!

THERE IS A DISTANT RUMBLE, AS OF THUNDER... THE FALL OF WATER, WITH ITS HUMAN CARGO, ENDS ABRUPTLY!



JERRY'S UNCONSCIOUS! — IF I'M NOT SEEING THINGS, THERE'S LIGHT UP AHEAD! MUST HURRY! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL WEAK AND SHAKY!



'GUESS WE'LL MAKE IT! YOU'RE A HEFTY DRAG IN THAT OUTFIT, PARTNER! —JEEPERS! —IF THIS IS A DREAM, I WISH THE ALARM WOULD GO OFF!



WHAT'S HAPPENED??? —WHERE AM I?? CHUCK! OOH!! —LET ME TAKE OFF YOUR HELMET!!



SUCH A QUEER PLACE! WHERE ARE WE?? —ARE WE— CAN THIS BE HEAVEN??

SEARCH ME, JERRY! —I'M TOO HAPPY TO BE IN ONE PIECE TO WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE YET!

WE'LL TAKE A STROLL AROUND AND TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT... WISH WE HAD A GUN!



LOOK OUT CHUCK!! — BEHIND YOU!!





FROM THE FOLIAGE STEPS FORTH A BAND OF WARRIORS AS WEIRD AND UNREAL AS THEIR SURROUNDINGS!



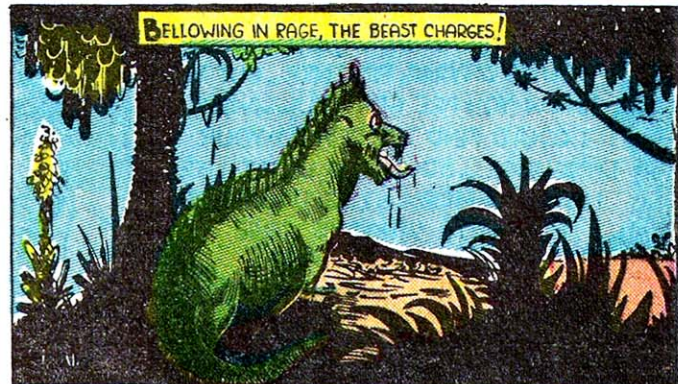
GREETINGS GENTS! —WELL? SPEAK UP!! —WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE WE? WHAT—



THE LEADER SUDDENLY POINTS EXCITEDLY AND SCREAMS A COMMAND!



PANIC BREAKS OUT AS A DREADED SALAMANDRON APPROACHES!!



BELLOWING IN RAGE, THE BEAST CHARGES!



RUN FOR A TREE JERRY!!



LOOK!—THAT POOR DEVIL FELL! —HIS FOOT'S CAUGHT IN A VINE!



CHUCK!



SURPRISED BY CHUCK'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE, THE SALAMANDRON HESITATES AND EYES HIS NEW Foe ...



THE BEAST SINKS SLOWLY ~ THE AXE
DRIVEN DEEPLY INTO ITS SKULL!

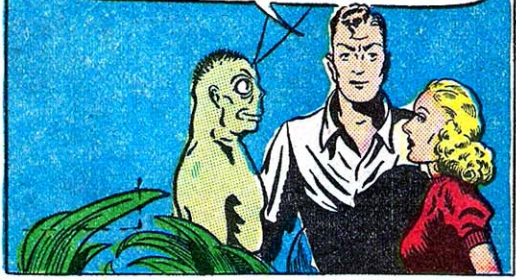


~GUESS WE'VE
FOUND A PAL, JERRY...



THE RESCUED WARRIOR
EXPRESSES HIS THANKS!

BY SAVING HIM FROM THAT BEAST
WE'VE MADE ONE FRIEND... I HOPE
THE OTHERS FEEL THE SAME WAY!



WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD
YOU'RE SAYING, PARTNER... BUT WE
KNOW YOU ARE GRATEFUL... WISH
I COULD FIND THE KEY TO YOUR
LANGUAGE... SOUNDS A LITTLE LIKE
NATIVE AFRICAN... TELL US, WHERE
ARE WE?? WHAT IS YOUR
NAME??... YOUR NAME!
NAME!



2

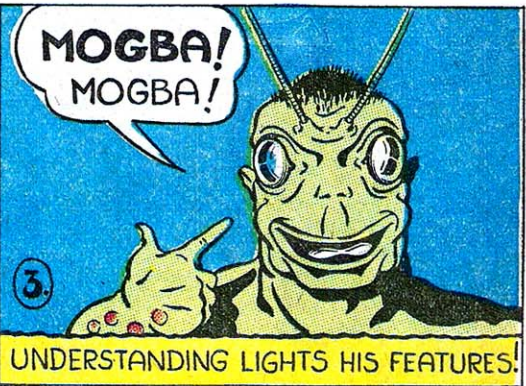
CHUCK!... JER-RY!...
...WHO ARE YOU??



CHUCK POINTS FIRST TO HIMSELF...
...THEN JERRY... SPEAKING THEIR NAMES

MOGBA!
MOGBA!

3



UNDERSTANDING LIGHTS HIS FEATURES!

ATTABOY MOGBA!!

CHUCK!! HERE
COME THE
OTHERS BACK!



GO AHEAD MOGBA!...
...SPEAK YOUR PIECE!
TELL THEM WHAT
GRAND FOLKS WE ARE!



MOGBA ARGUES EXCITEDLY WITH THE LEADER!



2.



WOOF!..THE CHIEF STRAIGHT-ARMS 'EM!! POOR MOGBA!... IF HE TRIES THAT ON ME, HE'S DUE FOR A SURPRISE!!



3.

- BUT THE UNUSUAL SIGHT OF BLOND TRESSES CAPTURES HIS FANCY FIRST!



HEY!

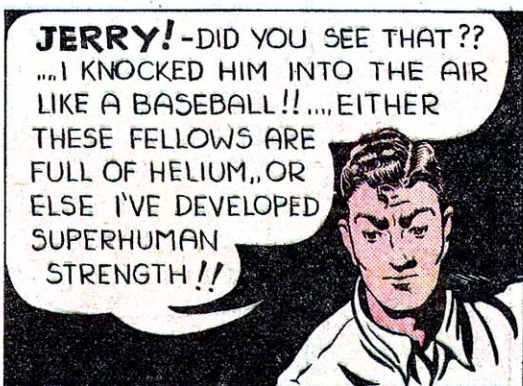
4.

HANDS OFF - YOU GORILLA!

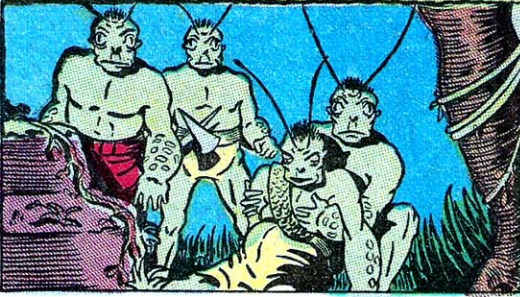


5.

JERRY! -DID YOU SEE THAT?? ...I KNOCKED HIM INTO THE AIR LIKE A BASEBALL!! ...EITHER THESE FELLOWS ARE FULL OF HELIUM,,OR ELSE I'VE DEVELOPED SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!!



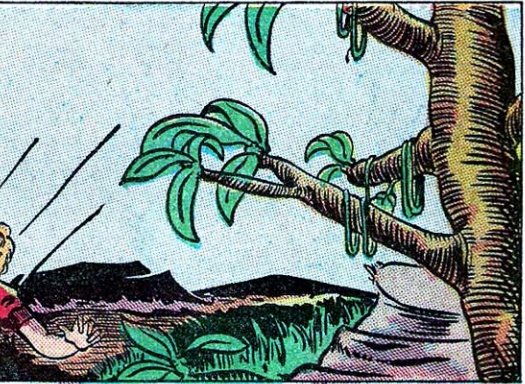
THE WARRIORS ARE TAKEN ABACK BY CHUCK'S EXHIBITION OF STRENGTH !!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE!—WHILE THEY'RE THINKING THAT ONE OVER!!—C'MON JERRY, LET'S BEAT IT !!



TO THEIR ASTONISHMENT,,CHUCK AND JERRY FIND THAT THEIR EFFORTS CARRY THEM THROUGH THE AIR IN HUGE BOUNDS !!



WE SURE LEFT THERE IN A HURRY!!—CHUCK, CAN YOU EXPLAIN OUR SUDDEN ABILITY TO JUMP LIKE THAT??

I THINK SO, —LET'S REST HERE A MINUTE..



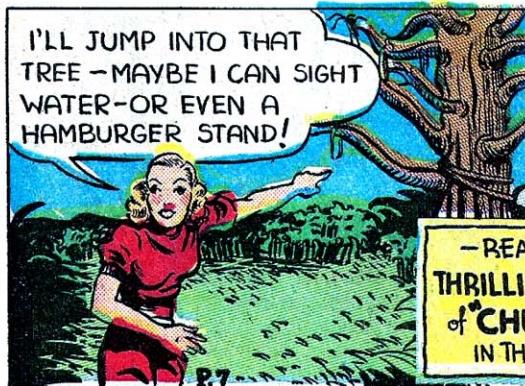
—IT'S CAUSED BY LACK OF AIR PRESSURE, WHICH IS BEING BORNE BY THE EARTH CRUST ABOVE US.... OUR STRENGTH, GAUGED FOR EXISTENCE IN EARTH SURFACE ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE, IS TRIPLED DOWN HERE !!



THEN WE'RE BENEATH EARTH SURFACE??

YES—BENEATH THE SEA...I THINK AN EARTHQUAKE OPENED THE SEA FLOOR...OUR DIVING SUITS EASED OUR FALL..





"SLIM" BRADLEY

FOREST RANGER

By **DICK HAYES**

THRILLING
ADVENTURE

MYSTERY OF
THE KIDNAPPED
HEIR

LITTLE JACKIE STILLMAN, 10 YEAR OLD SON OF THE MILLIONAIRE A.K. STILLMAN, HAS BEEN **KIDNAPPED!** BROUGHT TO THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SPEARHEAD NATIONAL FOREST TO ACCOMPANY HIS FATHER ON A FISHING TRIP. THE BOY WAS STOLEN FROM CAMP AT NIGHT WHILE HIS FATHER AND THEIR GUIDE SLEPT CLOSE BY.

"SLIM" HAS GONE TO CLOUDY PASS TO SEARCH FOR THE MISSING HEIR.



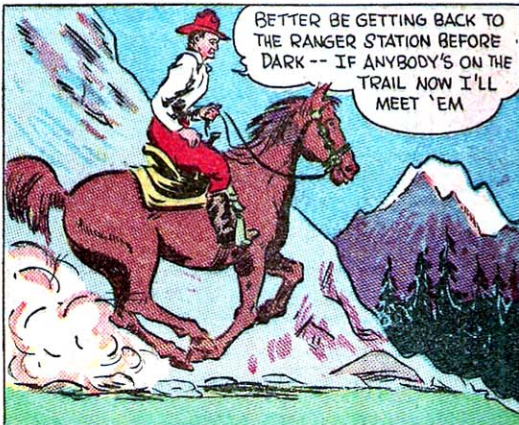
I'VE WATCHED THIS PASS ALL DAY AND NOT A SIGN OF THEM. MORE'N LIKELY THOSE FELLOWS THAT TOOK THE KID WILL TRY AND SNEAK ACROSS THE CANADIAN BORDER, AS ITS ONLY A FEW MILES FROM HERE -- AND THEY HAVE TO CROSS THIS PASS



I'D LIKE TO **GET MY HANDS** ON THOSE KIDNAPPERS JUST ONCE --- THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH LEFT OF 'EM TO BAIT A WEASEL TRAP!!



BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO THE RANGER STATION BEFORE DARK -- IF ANYBODY'S ON THE TRAIL NOW I'LL MEET 'EM



GET A GOOD FEED, BUCK, WE MAY HAVE A BIG DAY TOMORROW.

FUNNY THOSE FELLOWS HAVEN'T TRIED TO CONTACT THE BOY'S FATHER. MUST BE THE SAME GANG THAT TRIED TO STEAL JACKIE IN THE CITY. THAT'S WHY STILLMAN BROUGHT HIM UP HERE IN THE WOODS



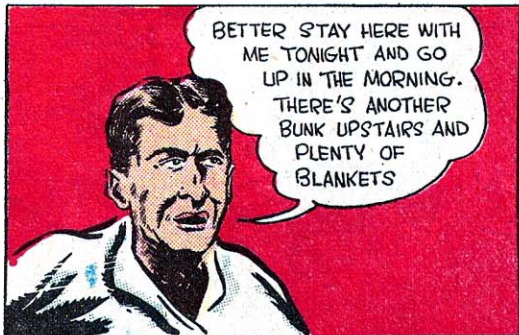
THAT NIGHT, A KNOCK AT THE DOOR WAKES "SLIM"



COME IN!



OH, IT'S YOU, DANNY, HEADIN' UP TO YOUR MINE KINDA' LATE TONIGHT, AREN'T YOU?

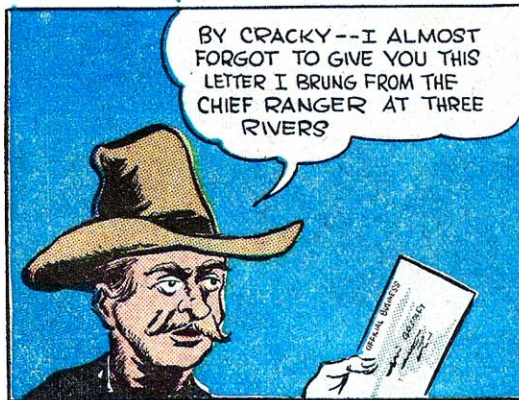


BETTER STAY HERE WITH ME TONIGHT AND GO UP IN THE MORNING. THERE'S ANOTHER BUNK UPSTAIRS AND PLENTY OF BLANKETS

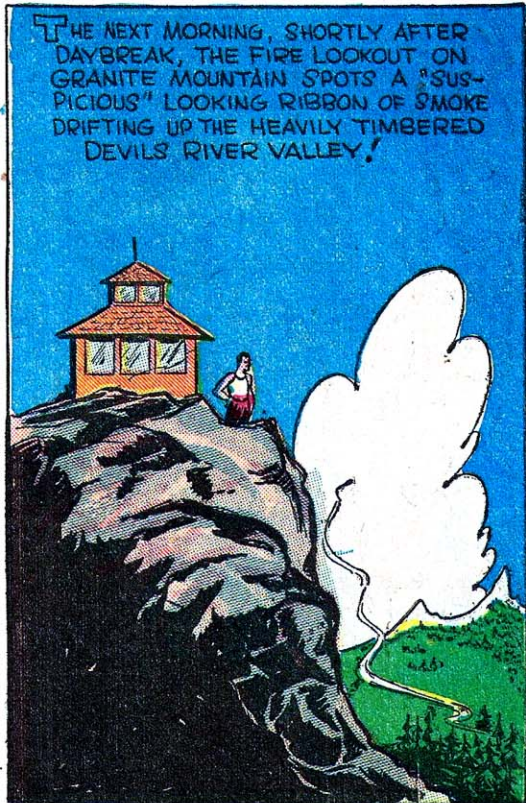


NO -- GOT A HEAP O' WORK TO DO AT THE MINE AND FIGGUR TO BE AT IT BY SUNUP -- GUESS I'LL BE DRIFTIN' ON

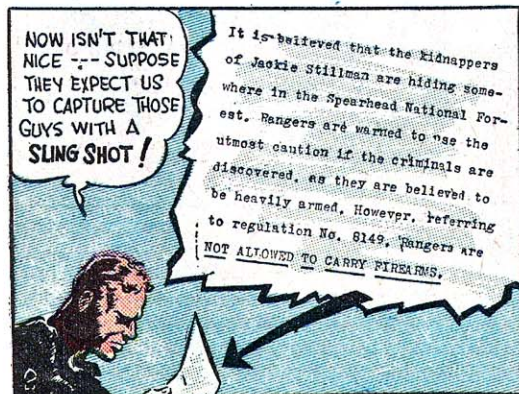
WELL, KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN ON THE TRAIL FOR ANY SIGN OF THOSE KIDNAPPERS



BY CRACKY -- I ALMOST FORGOT TO GIVE YOU THIS LETTER I BRUNG FROM THE CHIEF RANGER AT THREE RIVERS

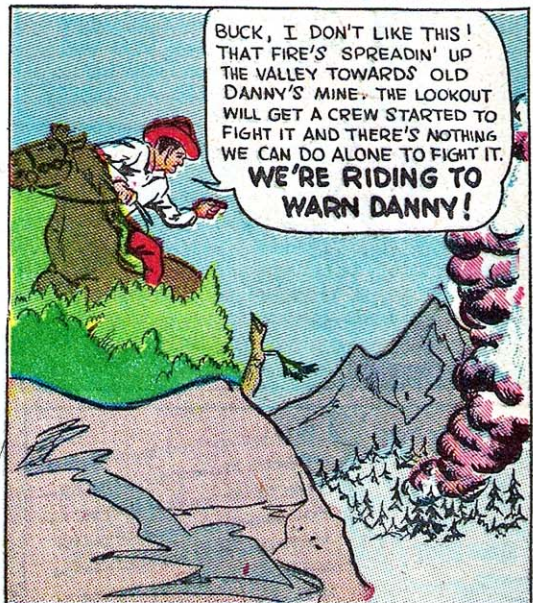
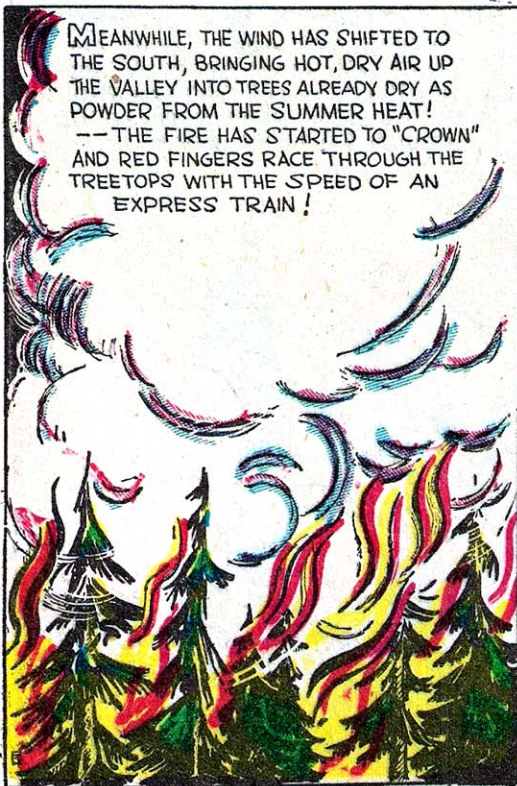
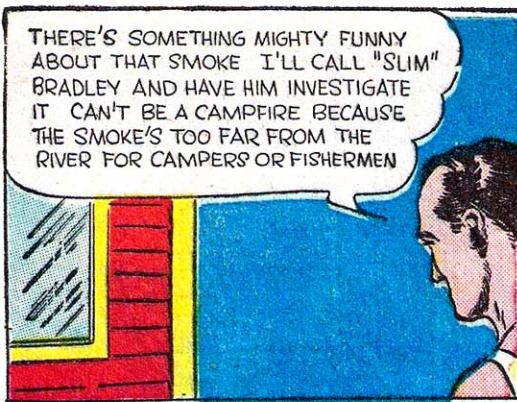


THE NEXT MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER DAYBREAK, THE FIRE LOOKOUT ON GRANITE MOUNTAIN SPOTS A "SUSPICIOUS" LOOKING RIBBON OF SMOKE DRIFTING UP THE HEAVILY TIMBERED DEVILS RIVER VALLEY!

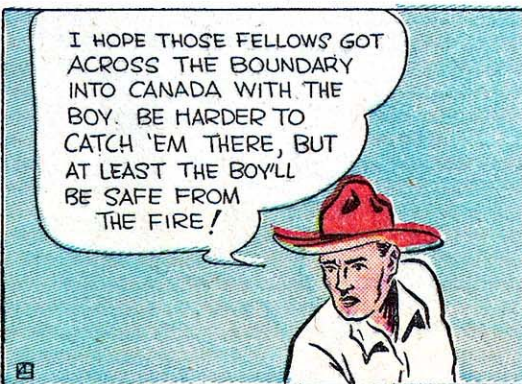
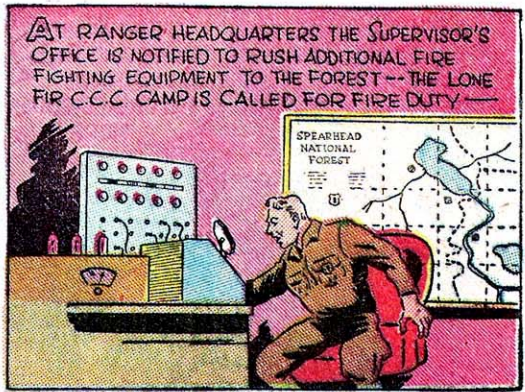


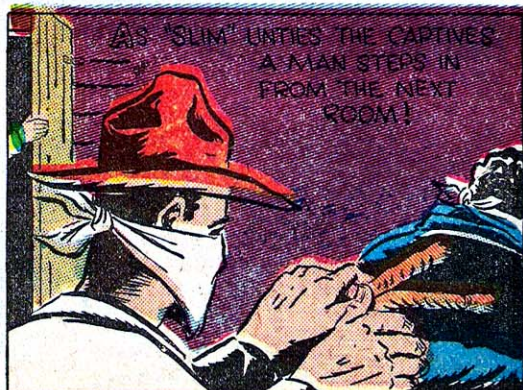
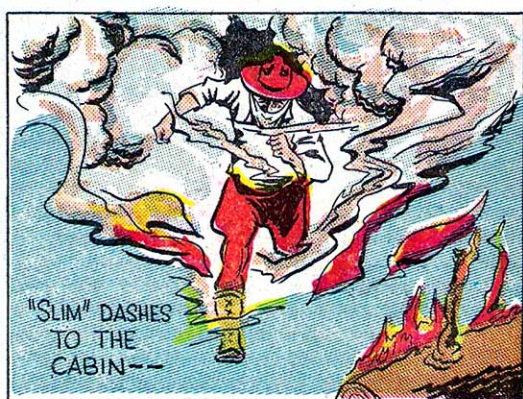
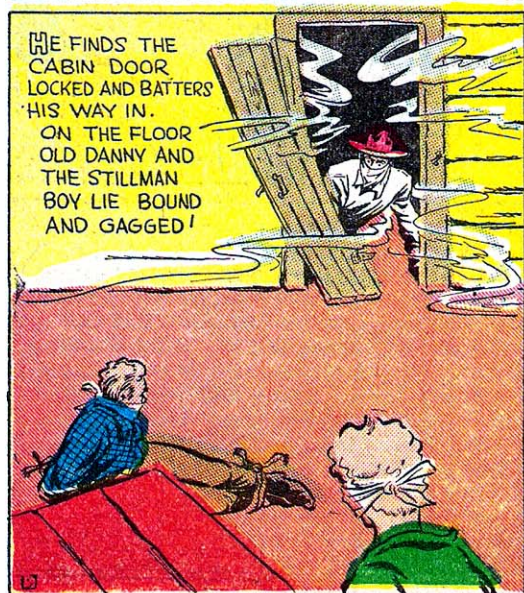
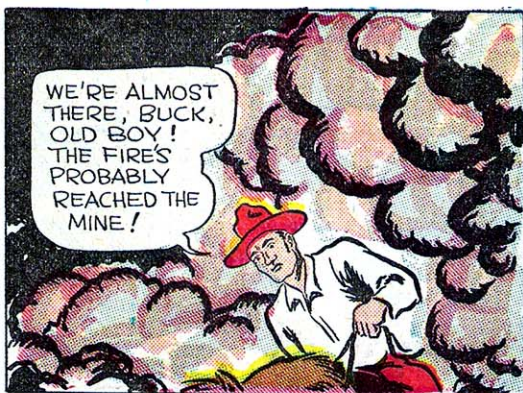
NOW ISN'T THAT NICE -- SUPPOSE THEY EXPECT US TO CAPTURE THOSE GUYS WITH A SLING SHOT!

It is believed that the kidnapers of Jackie Stillman are hiding somewhere in the Spearhead National Forest. Rangers are warned to use the utmost caution if the criminals are discovered, as they are believed to be heavily armed. However, referring to regulation No. 8149, Rangers are NOT ALLOWED TO CARRY FIREARMS.



BUT, WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE KIDNAPPERS AND LITTLE JACKIE STILLMAN? WILL THEY BE TRAPPED BY THE ROARING FLAMES AND UNABLE TO ESCAPE THE FIRE?







©NE OF THE KIDNAPPERS STANDS BRANDISHING AN EVIL-LOOKING AUTOMATIC!



"SLIM" LEAPS AT THE WOULD-BE KILLER AS HIS FINGER PASSES THE TRIGGER!



THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

A SMASHING BLOW TO THE JAW DROPS THE MAN



COME ON - LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

TIE HANDKERCHIEFS OVER YOUR NOSES -- THAT SMOKE'S THICK!

WE'D BETTER TAKE THAT FELLER WITH US -- CAN'T LEAVE HIM TO BURN UP HERE!

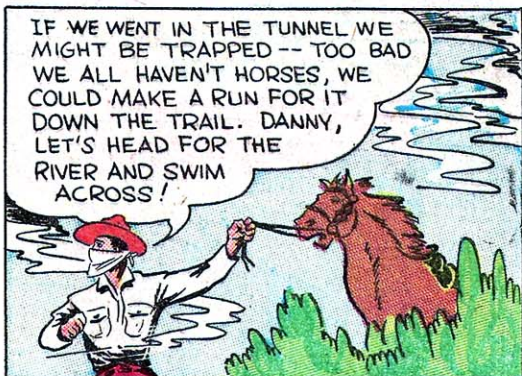
I KNEW YOU'D FIND US



FOLLOW ME!

BUCK'S DOWN HERE BY THE MINE TUNNEL

THEY RUN FROM THE CABIN, TAKING THE KIDNAPPER, STILL SOMEWHAT IN A DAZE, ALONG WITH THEM --



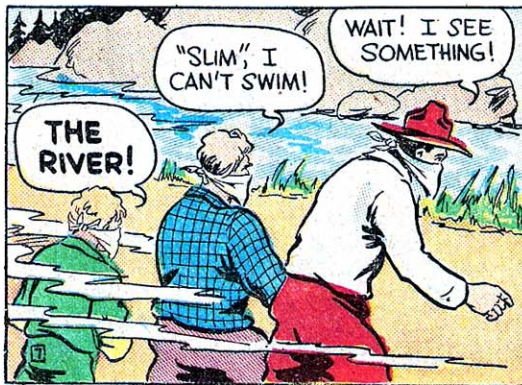
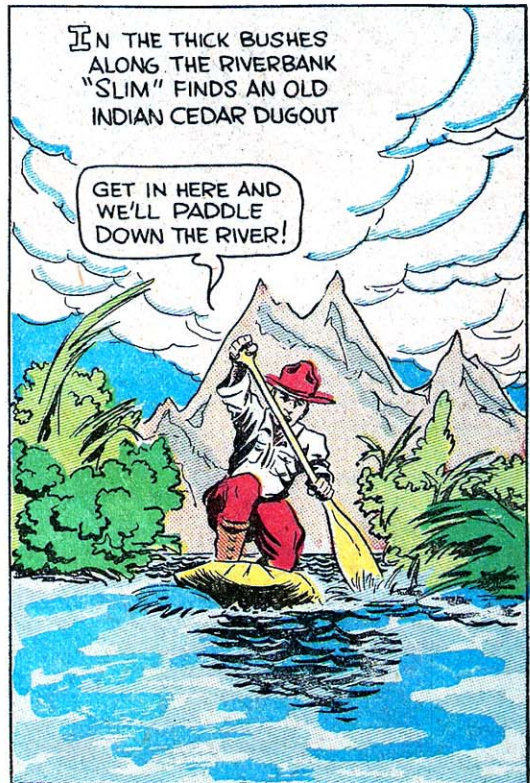
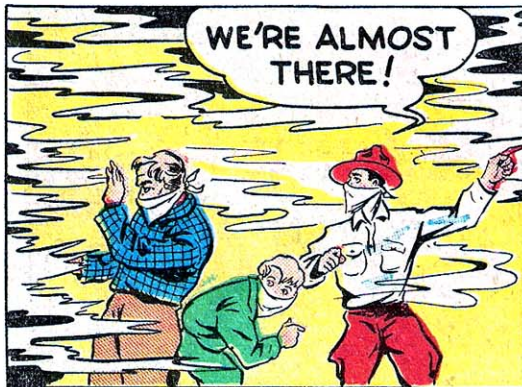
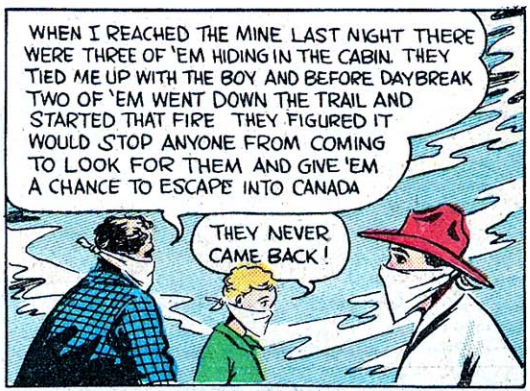
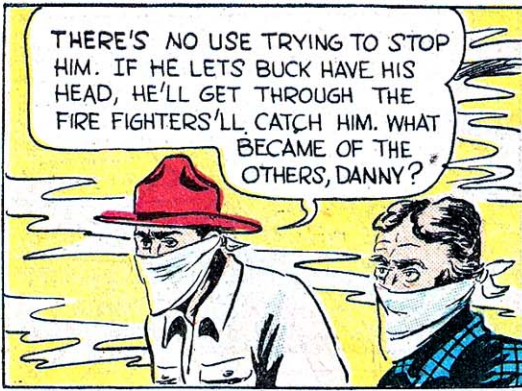
IF WE WENT IN THE TUNNEL WE MIGHT BE TRAPPED -- TOO BAD WE ALL HAVEN'T HORSES, WE COULD MAKE A RUN FOR IT DOWN THE TRAIL. DANNY, LET'S HEAD FOR THE RIVER AND SWIM ACROSS!



SUDDENLY, "SLIM" IS FELLED BY A BLOW FROM BEHIND --



--AND, BEFORE DANNY CAN STOP HIM, THE KIDNAPPER JUMPS ON BUCK AND RIDES DOWN THE TRAIL THROUGH THE SMOKE!





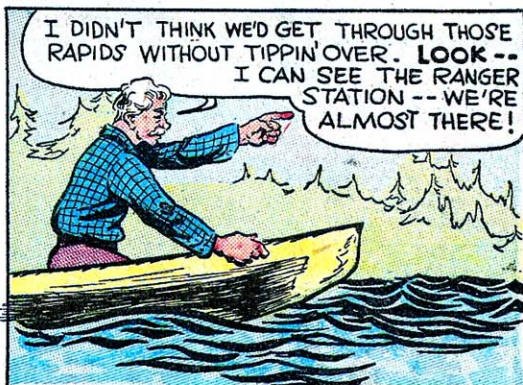
"SLIM," IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN! AND LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A REAL SHOWER!



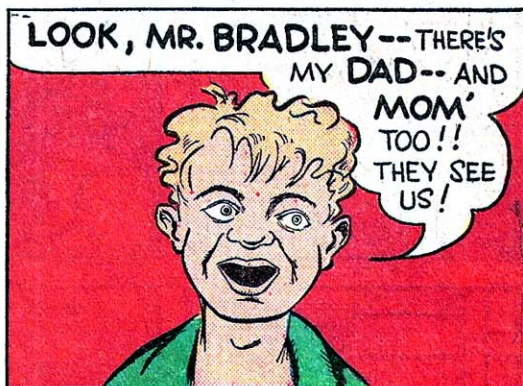
GOOD! THAT'LL STOP THE FIRE AND SAVE THOUSANDS OF TREES!



LOOK OUT, "SLIM" IT'S DEVILS RIVER RAPIDS



I DIDN'T THINK WE'D GET THROUGH THOSE RAPIDS WITHOUT TIPPIN' OVER. LOOK -- I CAN SEE THE RANGER STATION -- WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

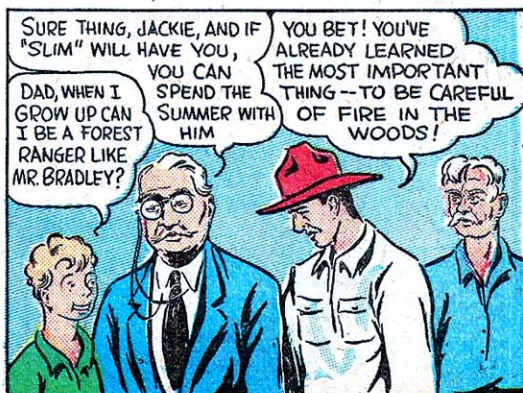


LOOK, MR. BRADLEY-- THERE'S MY DAD-- AND MOM TOO!! THEY SEE US!



"SLIM," THANKS TO YOU, WE HAVE THE BOY BACK SAFE AND SOUND. TWO OF THE KIDNAPPERS WERE FOUND BURNED TO DEATH---BUCK BROUGHT THE THIRD ONE IN AND THIS RAINSTORM COMING UP WILL PUT AN END TO THE FIRE

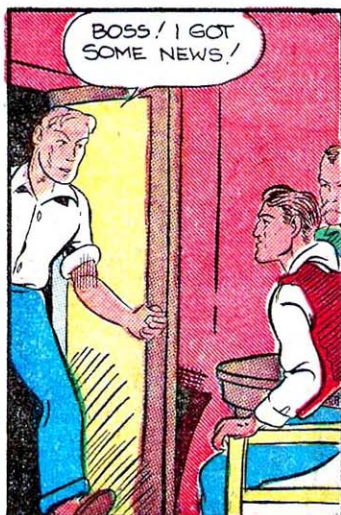
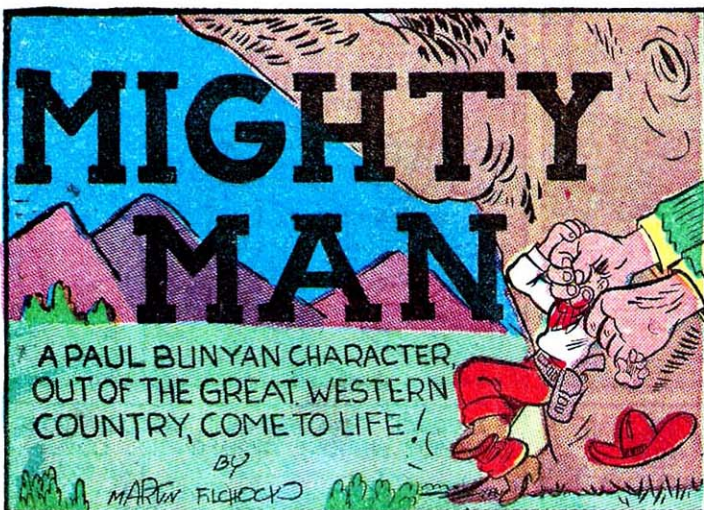
IT'S ALSO THE END OF MR. STILLMAN'S KIDNAPPING WORRIES, CHIEF

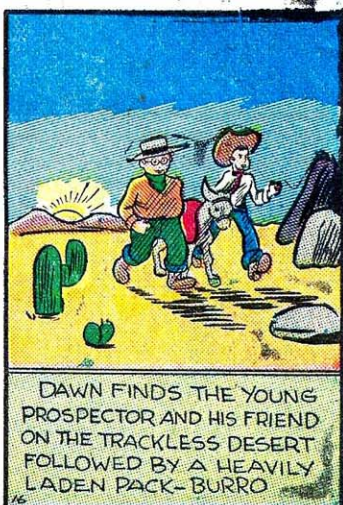
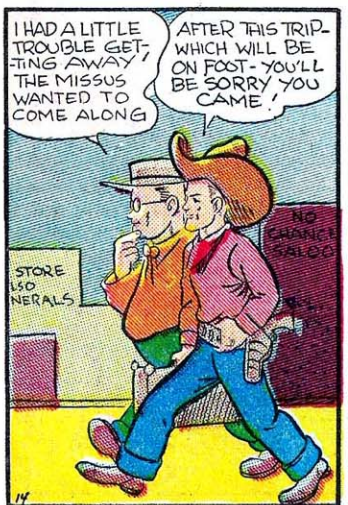
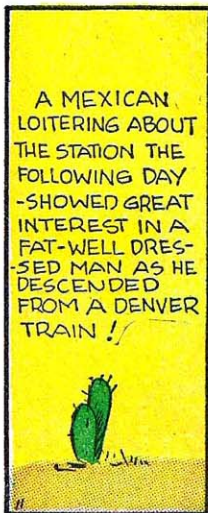


SURE THING, JACKIE, AND IF "SLIM" WILL HAVE YOU, YOU CAN SPEND THE SUMMER WITH HIM

YOU BET! YOU'VE ALREADY LEARNED THE MOST IMPORTANT THING-- TO BE CAREFUL OF FIRE IN THE WOODS!

DAD, WHEN I GROW UP CAN I BE A FOREST RANGER LIKE MR. BRADLEY?





COME / COME / SONNY / LET ME HEAR IT - WHAT DID YOU FIND IN THE VALLEY ?

JUST ABOUT EVERY THING YOUR LETTER SAID WOULD BE THERE - BUT FIRST TELL ME WHERE YOU GOT THE MAP - AND HOW YOU CAME TO SEND IT TO ME !

- YOU STUBBORN RASCAL ! OKEH , HERE GOES ! I GOT THE INFORMATION FROM AN INDIAN WHILE I WAS TEACHING AT HASKELL - HE GOT THE MAP AND STORY FROM HIS FATHER - HE SWORE IT WAS TRUE ! I PUT IT AWAY AND JUST LAST WEEK THE MISSUS DISCOVERED IT AMONG SOME OLD PAPERS ! - KNOWING THAT YOU WERE IN THIS VICINITY I SENT THE MAP TO YOU - I GUESS YOU FOUND THE VALLEY OR YOU'D NEVER HAVE SENT ME THE TELEGRAM ,

WHAT DID YOU FIND THERE - LARGE TREES, BIRDS - ANIMALS AND PEOPLE , ALL TWICE THE AVERAGE SIZE ?

I FOUND EVERY THING BUT THE GIANTS ' BUT I DID FIND A LITTLE SIGN ! - SOME HUMAN IS LIVING IN THE VALLEY , IF HE OR SHE IS STILL ALIVE WE'LL FIND OUT !

THE TREES ARE SEQUOIA ! BUT I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR THE SIZE OF THE ANIMALS AND BIRDS !

IT'S REMARKABLE HOW CLEVERLY THE VALLEY IS HIDDEN ! BOX CANYONS - GULCHES - RIDGES AND BLUFFS ALL FORM A PERFECT MAZE TO THE VALLEY'S ENTRANCE ! IT'S LITTLE WONDER THAT IT HAS NOT BEEN DISCOVERED FOR YEARS - ONLY BY STUMBLING UPON IT OR WITH THE AID OF A MAP CAN ONE FIND IT !

- OR BY FOLLOWING SOMEONE THAT KNEW THE WAY !

THANK GOODNESS WE HAVE NO CAUSE FOR WORRY - BUT IF I HAD FOUND THE MYTHICAL PHANTOM MINE INSTEAD, THEN PERHAPS SOME ONE WOULD FOLLOW US !

BUCK ' A BLIND MAN COULD FOLLOW THIS TRAIL !

YEAH ! THEY DON'T SUSPECT A THING !

BUT LITTLE DID SUNNY REALIZE HOW WRONG HE WAS FOR ONE OF THE TOUGHEST OUTLAW GANGS IN THE WEST WAS ON THEIR TRAIL .

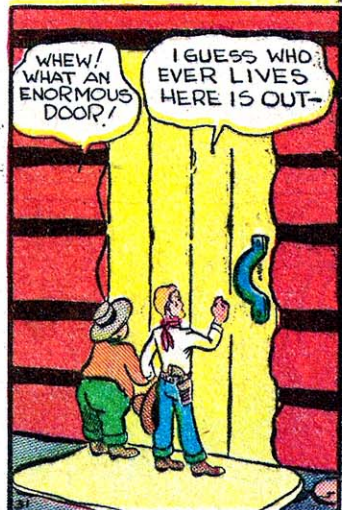
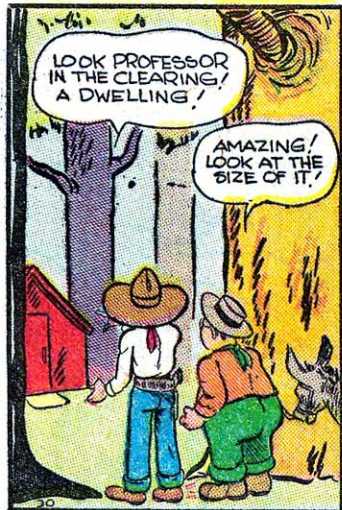
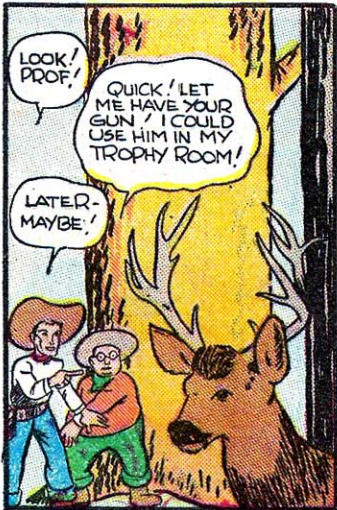
KINDA FUNNY ! THEY AIN'T CARRYIN' MUCH GRUB !

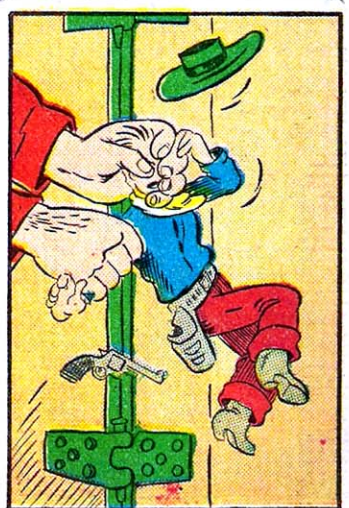
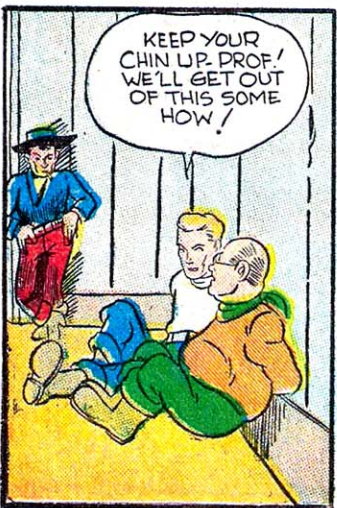
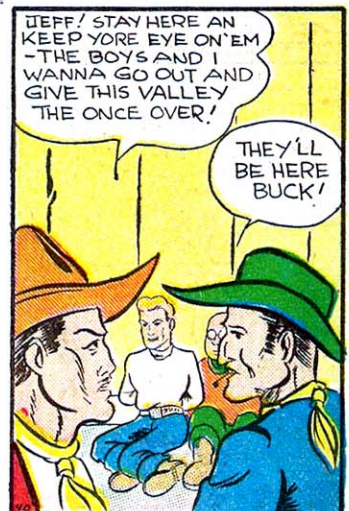
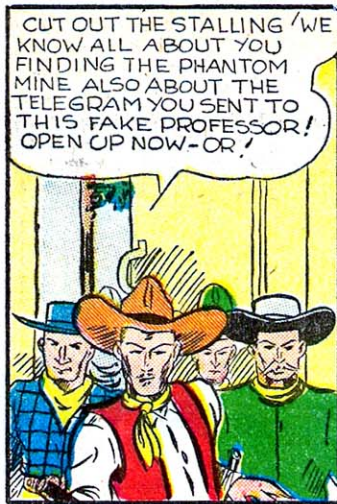
PROBABLY JUST GOIN' TO LOOK THE MINE OVER - THE PROFESSOR GENT MUST BE AN ASSAYER - HE'S KINDA PLUMP FOR A SCHOOL TEACHER !

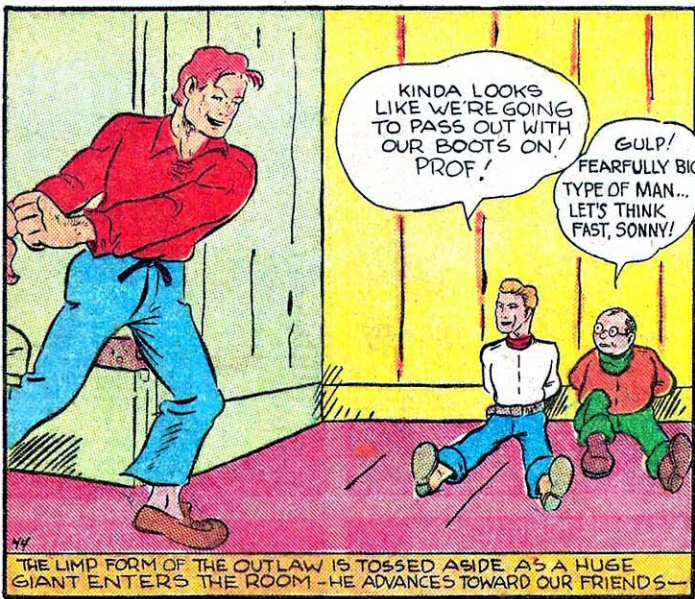
SAY ' WE'RE LOST - WE CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER !

HA ' THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT THE FIRST TIME I CAME HERE !

- AFTER MILES OF TWISTING AND TURNING - OUR FRIENDS COME TO WHAT APPEARS TO BE A BOX CANYON .



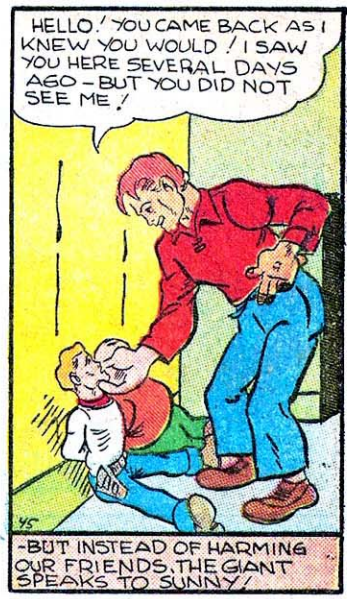




KINDA LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO PASS OUT WITH OUR BOOTS ON! PROF!

GULP! FEARFULLY BIG TYPE OF MAN... LET'S THINK FAST, SONNY!

THE LIMP FORM OF THE OUTLAW IS TOSSED ASIDE AS A HUGE GIANT ENTERS THE ROOM - HE ADVANCES TOWARD OUR FRIENDS -



HELLO! YOU CAME BACK AS I KNEW YOU WOULD! I SAW YOU HERE SEVERAL DAYS AGO - BUT YOU DID NOT SEE ME!

-BUT INSTEAD OF HARMING OUR FRIENDS, THE GIANT SPEAKS TO SUNNY!



I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU - BUT FIRST WE MUST GO WHERE WE WON'T BE DISTURBED!



DON'T BE AFRAID - I WON'T DROP YOU!

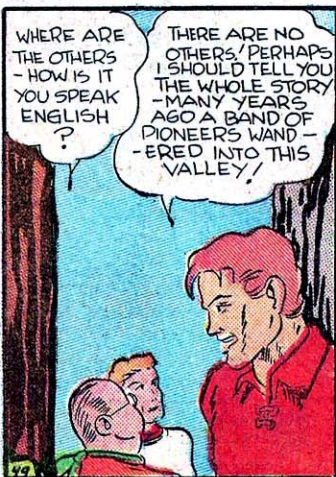
PICKING THE TWO HELPLESS ADVENTURERS UP! THE GIANT DASHES FOR THE WOODS!



-AND YOU MEN ACTUALLY CAME HERE LOOKING FOR ME AND NOT FOR THIS METAL CALLED GOLD?

YES! WE WANTED TO FIND OUT IF THERE WAS ANY TRUTH IN THE INDIAN'S STORY!

THEY TELL THEIR STORY



WHERE ARE THE OTHERS - HOW IS IT YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?

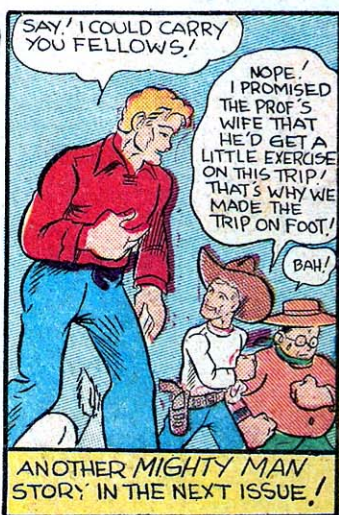
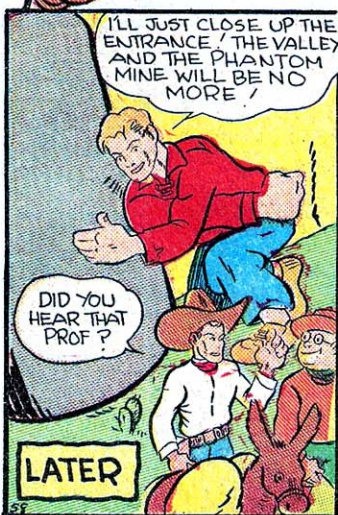
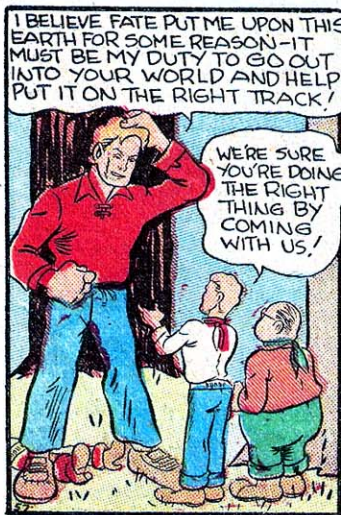
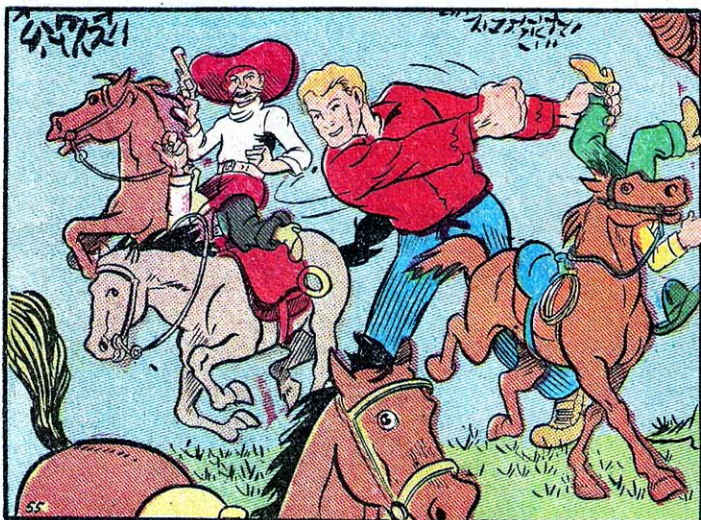
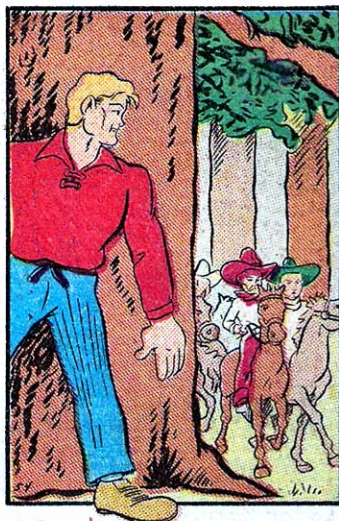
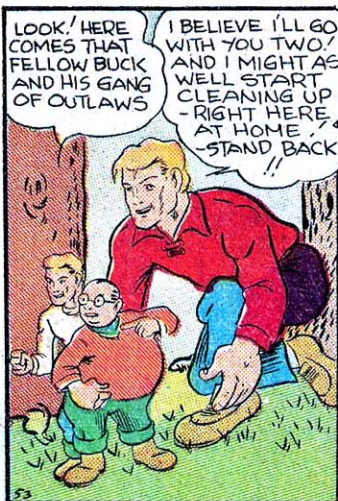
THERE ARE NO OTHERS! PERHAPS I SHOULD TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY - MANY YEARS AGO A BAND OF PIONEERS WANDERED INTO THIS VALLEY!



THEY HAD INTENTIONS OF GOING TO A PLACE CALLED CAL-E-FORNA - THIS VALLEY FASCINATED THEM SO THEY STAYED - EVERY THING IN THIS VALLEY WAS LARGE - THEIR OWN CHILDREN GREW EXCEEDINGLY TALL! BUT THIS VALLEY WAS CRUEL TO IT'S ADOPTED CHILDREN - FOR SOME REASON UNKNOWN - NOT ONE CHILD WAS BORN TO THEM - WITH ONE EXCEPTION!



I WAS BORN ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO! SOME YEARS LATER I WAS LEFT ALONE - THE OTHERS DIED OFF - SOME MEN LOOKING FOR GOLD HAVE BEEN HERE - BUT THEY EITHER GO MAD - OR JUST FAIL TO RETURN - SEVERAL TIMES I WANTED TO LEAVE BUT I HAVE NO FRIENDS OUT THERE IN YOUR COUNTRY - ALL THAT I HAVE SEEN ARE, MAD - CRUEL AND GREEDY!



WOW!
THE YEAR'S
BIGGEST BARGAIN!

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